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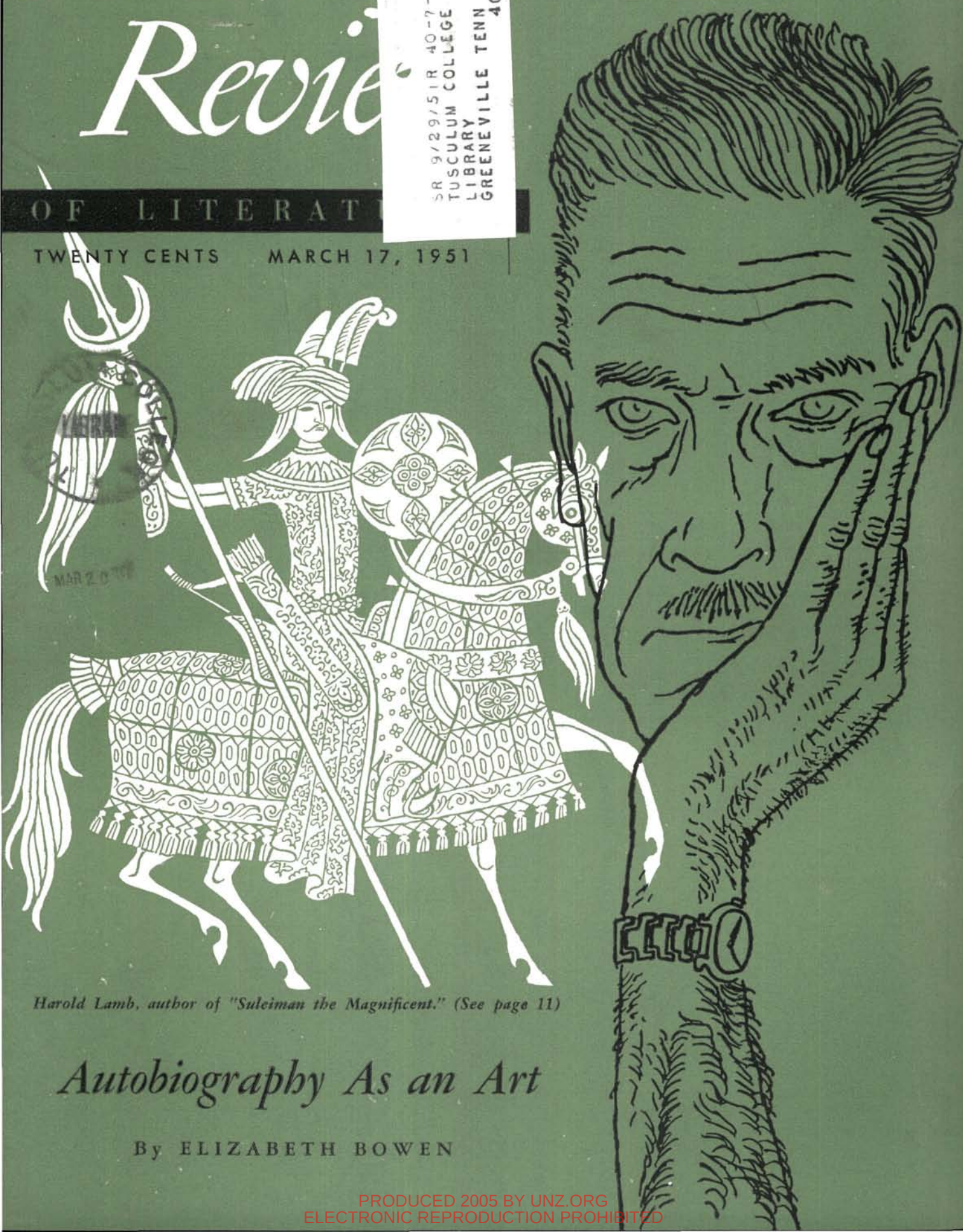
OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS MARCH 17, 1951

SEX—THE SCHIZOID BEST SELLER

By ALBERT ELLIS



Harold Lamb, author of "Suleiman the Magnificent." (See page 11)

Autobiography As an Art

By ELIZABETH BOWEN

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THE LOVED AND THE LOST

By MORLEY CALLAGHAN

The first novel in a dozen years by an author whose novels and short stories excited the literary world in the 20's and 30's. Morley Callaghan has written a novel which is both a love story and the story of a girl who, by her simple defiance of blind prejudice, rouses resentment, fear and violence. Here is a powerful treatment of a truly important theme—man's hidden, warring impulses against himself and his fellow men.

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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This Week

March 17, 1951

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Jay Woodruff, Advertising Director of Recordings Section; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 11, March 17, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1951 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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NOW UPON THE FIRST DAY of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.

And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

And they entered in and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments:

And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?

He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee,

Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.

And they remembered his words.

And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest.

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TRADE Winds

STATISTICIANS of the Columbia University Press have been busy as beavers compiling facts about their new 2,211-page "Columbia Encyclopedia," priced at twenty-five dollars — and worth twice as much. For instance, it took nearly five carloads (180,000 pounds) of paper to print the first edition of 20,000 copies. The binding required 4,600 yards of cloth forty-two inches wide. The total weight of the type metal was 45,428 pounds, and 3,515 pounds of ink were consumed in the printing.

Browsing through a monumental work of this sort is a form of physical exercise, but Fon Boardman applied himself to the task and came up puffing slightly, with such tidbits as these:

The aardvark has cylindrical teeth which are without enamel or roots.

A complete entry on page 1,318 reads, "Moonlight school: see illiteracy."

Mata Hari's real name was Margaretha Geertruida Zelle.

Modern studies distinguish fifteen standard types of beards.

The book louse, as well as the bookworm, will damage books. (Ben Huebsch suggests this as a good wall card for public libraries.)

The disastrous Charge of the Light Brigade was led by James Thomas Brudenell, Seventh Earl of Cardigan. The cardigan jacket was named for him.

George Barrington (1755-1804) was an author and a pickpocket. (No comments, please.)

The capybara is the largest living rodent, weighing sometimes as much as a hundred pounds. The baluchitherium was probably the largest land mammal that ever lived, with an estimated weight of about ten *tons*.

A centipede does not have 100 legs.

There's a 1,700-square-mile division of Circassia whose official name is Adyge Autonomous Oblast.

Try getting some of *that* into your dinner-table conversation this evening!

IF YOU ENJOYED Charlotte Armstrong's "The Unexpected" and "Mischief" as much as I did you'll be pleased to know that her new thriller, "The Black-Eyed Stranger," will be ready for publication by Coward-McCann in June. . . . Rinehart announces May 24 as P-Day for "Barbary Shore," Norman Mailer's first novel since "The Naked and the Dead." . . . Denizens of the Washington, D. C., underworld who escape the eagle eyes of Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer in "Washington Confidential" will probably fall right into the dragnet of Herbert Asbury, who is writing a book along somewhat similar lines. . . . The Capital's "five percenters," incidentally, are now said to have raised their fee to seven-and-a-half. They'll be in the agents' class first thing you know! . . . Consoling words from Jim Ullman, author of "River of the Sun":

P-Day (publication day) of a novel is an ordeal, all right, with equal worries about Brentano's window and Orville Prescott's digestion, but it isn't nearly so bad as an opening night in the theatre. The author's book may be panned, it may be ignored, it may not sell, but it is unlikely that he will be hung from his heels in Times Square for all the world to hoot at. Having several times been so hung I know whereof I speak. And whatever may happen to a book of mine when it is finally foisted upon the world I at least know that it won't be as bad as *that*.

ACCORDING TO *VARIETY'S* tabulations the only motion picture made in the past three years that was able to bludgeon its way into the list of twenty all-time top-grossers at the box office was De Mille's blatant hocus-pocus "Samson and Delilah." Its eleven-million-dollar take puts it second only to "Gone with the Wind" (which grossed twenty-six millions!) and well ahead of "Best Years of Our Lives," now in third place with $10,400,000. Under present conditions many a full-length feature is lucky to gross a million. . . . The announcement that today there are no more than fifty writers under long-term contract to all the major Hollywood studios combined led an ancient inhabitant to recall the good old days when one studio alone had over a hundred authors on its payroll. "That's right," agreed Herb Stein, "and they were all working on the same story!" . . . Mr. Stein also is authority for the statement that if you made $25,000 in 1940 you'll have to earn close to $60,000 under present tax rates to produce the same net. Are there any accountants in the house who would like either to challenge or substantiate that calculation?

FROM KOREA Red Cross Field Director Bob de Lany writes:

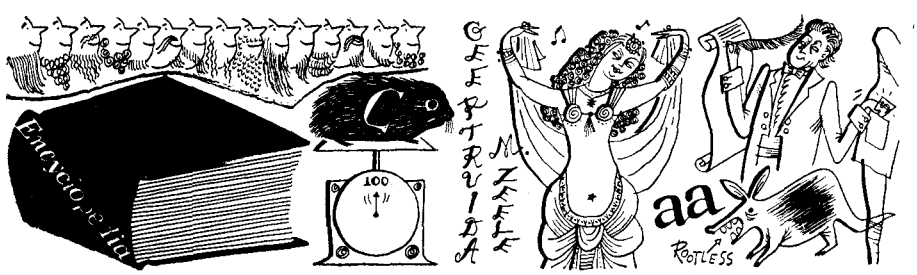
Don't ask me why, but I suddenly fell to thinking about John Barrymore last night and remembered a time he was giving his superb interpretation of Hamlet (that is, when he was in the mood). One evening, in the churchyard scene that opens Act Five Whitford Kane, playing the first clown, finished the

little song that served as Hamlet's entrance cue. No Hamlet. Kane looked up from the grave (Yorick's). Barrymore was clowning in the wings, urging, "Sing it again, Whit; with pipes like that you ought to be in opera." When he finally strode on-stage he played the entire scene shelling peanuts into the grave.

Barrymore's worst tantrums were often provoked by swarms of autograph hounds who blocked the way to his dressing room. Being civil to those ill-mannered monsters is one of the penalties of being a matinee idol or celebrity, and Barrymore never could accustom himself to the ritual (though when the crowds stopped following him he felt even worse).

BERTRAND RUSSELL was even more baffled when he found himself the objective of autograph hounds. At a Foyle Literary Luncheon in London the winner of a 1950 Nobel Prize told the guests:

I suppose the easiest way to gain the limelight is to murder someone and put the chopped-up remains in a trunk. The method by which I became a so-called celebrity was more devious, and I hardly would recommend it to anyone else. The first forty-two years of my life were spent on mathematical logic, a subject which very seldom gets into the newspapers. Then I adopted a new technique and started attacking the British Government. The British Government only smiled a superior smile, and I found that was no good. So then I went to America. There I was more successful, and captured the day. I was accused in the United States law courts of being lewd, lascivious, lecherous, and, would you



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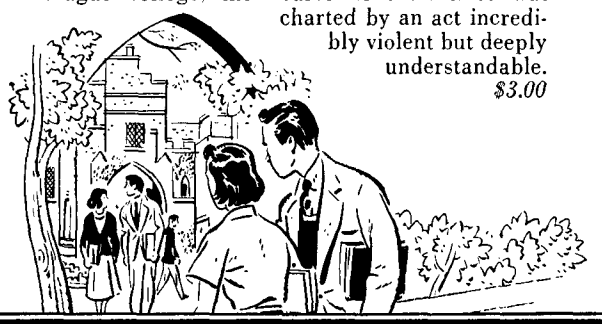
And now, again, available—by public demand: **This Side of Paradise,** the novel that made 23-year-old Fitzgerald famous ($3.00); **Tender Is the Night** ($3.00); and, in one volume, **The Last Tycoon** and his masterpiece, **The Great Gatsby** ($3.50).

A finely written novel so breathtaking that it has the flavor of a psychological suspense story

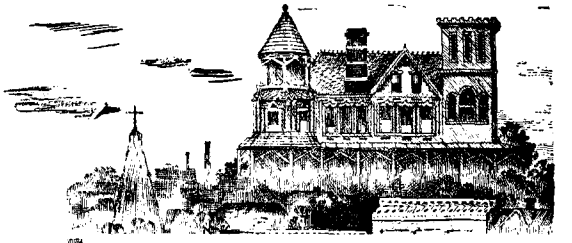
No ODDS, No VICTORY

by Aubrey Carney

THEY were all members of a generation which refused to conform to the handy patterns of their textbooks—*this* generation: John Gordon, whose idealism all but destroyed him; Julie, the war widow who hadn't the courage to face up to her own emotion; Myra, the ex-Army nurse whose nightmarish past drove her to attempted suicide. Amidst the placid background of an ivy-league college, the course of their lives was charted by an act incredibly violent but deeply understandable. *$3.00*



Three people face a choice between exciting illusion and rude reality on . . .



The HILL of FORTUNE

a novel by Robert Wernick

TO SARA, the old Pawley mansion seemed magical, its occupants endowed with a special kind of wizardry—rich and zestful and strange. Together with the two Pawley boys, she shared a fine, boisterous dream until it was shattered by the tempests of adult emotion and the house became a symbol of bitter disillusionment. *$3.00*

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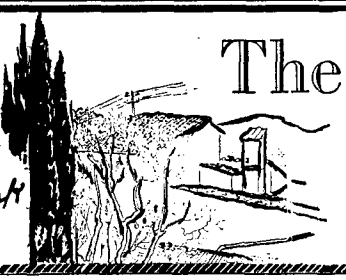

The VILLA DIANA

by Alan Moorehead

Captivatingly illustrated by Osbert Lancaster

All but one of these pieces have appeared in *The New Yorker*. *$2.75*

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MORROW

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believe it, aphrodisiac. Of course, after that I was a bona fide celebrity, and we were quits; and the Americans and I have been very good friends ever since.

STORIES OF THE MONTH: From Knopf's Lucy Johnson: The *Queen Mary* was about to pull up her gangplank and cast off when a huge, shiny limousine rumbled up to Pier 50 and a heavily furred matron made a dive for the boat, followed by a train of porters. Breathlessly she explained why she was late: "I *told* that fool chauffeur to take me to the pier—and he took me to the Pierre." . . . George Heister tells of a tired business man whose grueling day at the office was capped by his wife's announcement that the cook had walked out. "Again?" moaned the husband. "What was the trouble this time?" "You were!" charged the wife. "She said you used insulting language to her over the phone this morning." "Good grief!" confessed the husband. "I thought I was talking to you." . . . From George Oppenheimer: A circus owner caught his trainer administering a merciless beating to the most valuable elephant in the outfit. "Stop!" roared the owner. "What's the idea of beating that poor animal?" The trainer explained grimly, "He tripped in the middle of his act this evening." The owner cried, "Do you mean to say you're beating him just because he tripped?" "Just because he tripped, my left eyebrow," said the trainer—or words to that effect. "He tore the tails out of all your six other elephants."

JOHN FOSTER, British M. P., admitting that his countrymen are on the phlegmatic side at times, recalls a grisly moment in his schooldays when the headmaster came upon the pantry maid cruelly murdered, with her head all but severed from the torso and a bloody axe lying beside the body. The headmaster turned on the two terrified lads behind him and thundered, "What buffoon has done this?"

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 885)

H. S. COMMAGER:
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

(From Lincoln's Annual Message to Congress, Dec. 1, 1862, pleading for Compensated Emancipation, quoted in this story of the Civil War as told by participants.)

Fellow citizens, . . . we of this Congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. . . . We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth. . . . This means could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just . . .

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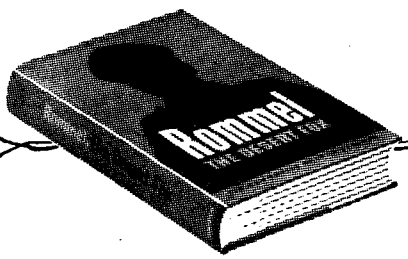

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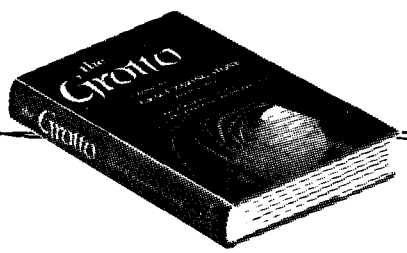

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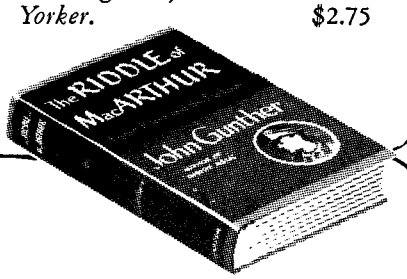

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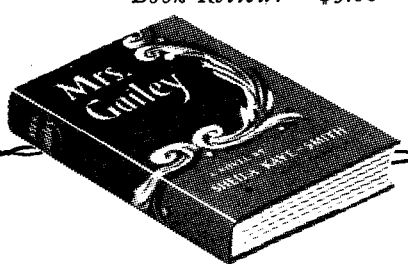

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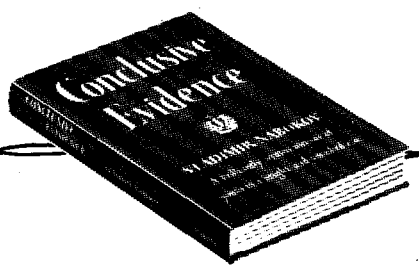

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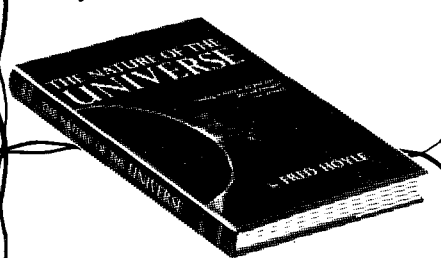

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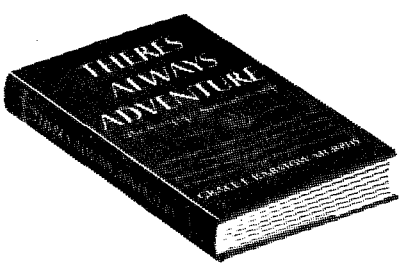

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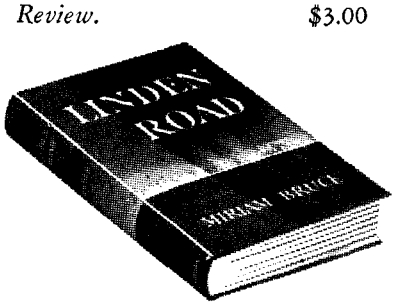

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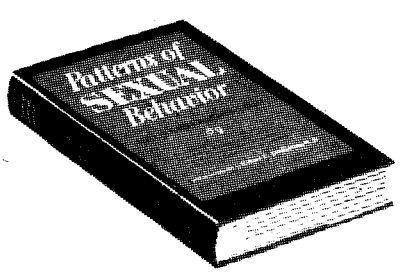

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Autobiography As an Art

ELIZABETH BOWEN

—*Elliott Erwitt.*
Elizabeth Bowen

AUTOBIOGRAPHY nowadays finds a public; perceptibly it is moving into the forefront of the literary scene. Old, in fact primitive, as a form of expression, it has been rediscovered—it is being more written and more read than it was, say, twenty years ago. How is this revived taste or addiction to be accounted for? What peculiar attraction has the self-told life story, what arresting notes does it strike? Is it that the scales are tipping in favor of truth as against fiction, of the actual as against the invented? If so, is the rise of the autobiographer to be seen by the novelist as a danger signal, as a warning that his creative-inventive faculties are beginning to thin, falter, or run down, or that he is losing the formula for the illusion by whose strength fiction maintains its hold? "Everything," Flaubert said of his art, "is in the manner of the telling." To which he added elsewhere: "One must *interest*." Herein may lie the clue: not that the novelist writes less well today, but that the autobiographer of today writes better.

At a glance the narration of one's own story might seem a simple matter, less a task than an outlet. The material is there ready to hand; the ego is flattered; the pen is willing. Indeed, for generations many excellent persons not only embarked upon but concluded their autobiographies without effort or qualm; all the undertaking required, as they saw it, was sufficient time, industry, self-confidence, and a reliable memory. Out into circulation, therefore, proceeded many a record of blameless, not uneventful, seldom quite unimportant lives. Rare was the author-protagonist who had not at least some reason to congratulate himself or who was altogether obscure—rank, celebrity, or honorable achievement as a rule warranted publication and guaranteed notice for the book. Here and there the aim was more limited: private printing for the benefit of family and friends. Most of those works have long ago been pulped and forgotten; some, whether by chance or piety, survive—in the dusky libraries of old houses or exposed on outside tables of the secondhand store. They are good for a laugh but they merit a second thought.

Each has been someone's testament; pompous, stilted, naive, shapeless, verbose, or unconsciously exhibitionistic they may be, but some continuous energy sustained them. One may find in turning over their pages some traces of a sterling belief in life, some unexpected attitude to society, some unresolved, therefore revealing, doubt, some uncalculated flicker of personality, or (which is most usual) the conviction that the writer's discoveries cast light, that his findings add to the sum of knowledge, and that his experience, often hard-won, can but be of use to his fellow man. These bulky volumes, of which the Victorian Age saw the full flush, are they not monuments to a vanished state, curiosities, likely side lights on history, instances of our own mortal wish to preserve by any means from oblivion what has been valuable or dear? Literature, however, they are not.

It is as literature, not as the private document, that modern autobiography makes its claim. It is the product not of licensed ease but of a disciplined concentration—in fact, no longer an amateur affair. The author seeks expression, as in any other art, but *self*-expression only at one remove—so much so that he may tend to be more detached, less impassioned than if he were writing the life of another man. This may go so far that in places he shows his tie with himself only by an omniscience as to his own affairs which would be impossible for an outside person. He attempts to place not only his background but also the scenes, faces, and events which are the constituents of his story at such a distance as to be in perspective. At the same time this quasi-outward view must alternate with a fearlessly inward one: he must flinch from no interior knowledge. The non-egocentric autobiography would be devoid of virtue, point, motive, meaning, or *raison d'être*. The "I" in the narrative stands for something more than consistent viewpoint or continuity; it provides the visionary element, in whose light all things told appear momentous and fresh—though they may not be new, though they may have happened before.

FIRST and last it must be the writer's temperament which conditions the climate of the self-told story, his sense of proportion which sets its scale, his predilections, fancies, or curiosities which establish its psychological hinterland—what has it meant to me, so far, to be myself; in what so far has my being me involved me; how have I acted, reacted, impacted on other people in consequence? Such throughout seem to be the questions posed.

One might say that whereas autobiography used to be based on statement, now it derives from query, being tentative rather than positive,

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no longer didactic but open-minded. It is mobile, exploratory. This may come from the fact that today it is less often written in old age; it is, rather, the work of early or late maturity. Is it not at this point, about halfway through the journey, that we do all have an instinct to pause, look back, and reflect? The autobiographer's impulse has synchronized with that of his fellow man; he is speaking not only to but for his contemporaries. That mood which engenders autobiography is known to many who do not take up the pen.

Few of us lack as we grow older an objective regard for our own lives—for the distance covered in sheer time, whether or not in space, and for the individual tracks we have left behind us. We have not merely survived, we have continued to *be* and, which is still more, to be aware of being. Existence (unless one is so unhappy as to lose or be deprived of one's taste for it) becomes more rather than less interesting as it progresses; gradually one's years in the world add up into something which takes on size and shape and in which meaning may at least be sought for. The least exceptional of us possesses his own experience, unique if only in being uniquely his—apparently, he may have conformed since birth and expect to conform till death to the mass-pattern, but there have been moments along the way of which only he knows the spring or core. Few lives, however seemingly trivial, conventional, flat, or tame, have not held some unguessed-at secret, some inner story; there has been the ordeal of some decision, the realization of some desire, or the abandonment of some hope. An internal drama may have resolved itself; a drama still unnoticed may have come to its crux. And outside all this has stood, like a mask or frame, the man's external doings among his fellows—at work, in society, at home. To these, too, interest attaches as he looks back: gains and losses, changes and chances, trials and errors make a tale of their own. Above all, to study the contrast, the interplay between the inner and outer "I" may be fascinating—how much so only oneself can know.

"Yes," decides the average person, "if I were to write my life, my whole life, it would make quite a book. Suppose I did, who would read it? Why—I guess nobody." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he would be right. A man's own life has for himself more interest, significance, and importance than he can hope to convey to the rest of the world. Good sense warns most of us that we would not be competent to do anything like justice to our own stories. What, then, is the secret of the autobiographer who by writing both entertains and satisfies thousands of readers unknown to him? Is it merely that he "knows how to write"? There is more than that: he has forged an art of his own—he succeeds, in fact, in a task which, while it might seem humanly straightforward, is fraught with esthetic problems, difficulties, and tests.

TO begin with he must pinpoint his own identity yet at the same time show within himself the accepted workings of human nature. There may be more than a touch of the unusual, even of the extraordinary, about what he has thought or felt or what has happened to him; but the ordinary has to be kept in mind. As a rule by the time he sits down to write he has already made his name by achievement: it is for him to suggest the value and still more the *place* in his life of what he has made or done. What at the start had been his ruling ambition? How far has this been realized—in his view? It is unlikely (given present-day age for writing) that he regards his career as closed—therefore what next? Are there mistakes or omissions he intends to repair before again moving forward; or is he headed impatiently toward new ground?

Autobiography is above all narrative; like any other story, it ought not to be clogged by too much analysis. Hence one more advantage of its being written in middle life—neither youth's trend towards introspection nor old age's urge to post-mortem is to be feared. At the same time there must be an element of the self-portrait—and of a self-portrait, moreover, executed in public, touch by touch. Do we not discover the man as he discovers himself; even at times may our knowledge of him seem to run a little ahead of his? It is part of the autobiographer's courteous guile, his art, to allow us revelations he does not seem to share. Be certain, he knows what he is doing.

Granted his material is to hand: not for him are the labors of invention. But the sheer mass, the variety of that material might create a predicament of it own—what should he leave out, what is he to put in? Fortunately, he does not, cannot remember everything: would it be obvious to say that he puts in what he recalls most clearly? And rightly; memory is selective and adamant as to its selections—arbitrary, tricky, patchy though these may appear to be. The boldly left gaps, the admitted lacunae in the narrative of the modern autobiographer are themselves telling; moreover, they guarantee the veracity of what has been written down. Next after choice comes the question of order; it may be noted how often events are reft from their sequence (in time, that is) to be grouped with others with which they link or compare—used, in fact, to enhance each other's significance. And that pictorialness, the visual magic by which landscapes, cities, faces, gardens, rooms, dresses are conjured back into sight—is that mere decoration? Surely not; "I am a part of all that I have seen." Out of impressions, no less than thought and feeling, is the texture of an existence spun. To ignore sensation would be to fail in telling the whole, which is the true, story.

Most of all are we not commanded by that hint of an even slowly emerging pattern? Autobiography as we know it now is artists' work; though pegged to one man's story it has as its subject Life, as by one man that has been found to be. The findings may not be ours; the subject is. What would be your, my finding?—your, my pattern? One man addresses the potential biographer in us all.

Elizabeth Bowen, English novelist and critic, is best know in the U. S. for "The Heat of the Day." Her "Early Stories" was published recently.

Many Happy Returns, O Demeter

By Roberta Teale Swartz

NOW in my hair I'll braid your hair of grasses,
And of your solemn grains shall eat my part;
Walk where your daughter walked, and pick as she did
Stars of the flower with the saffron heart.

The cry of the cicadas fills the tree-tops;
Their glistening wings ascend the peony stems.
Such are your wings of light about my forehead,
Passing the crowns of Dis and all his gems.

In mine again your hand of earth is gathered,
Crossed with the salts of the primeval sea;
The love that would besiege all times and places
To bring again a lost Persephone.

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History. *Definitions of history are nearly as numerous as its practitioners. Many of them are set forth in two books reviewed here: G. J. Renier's "History: Its Purpose and Method" and Herman Ausubel's "Historians and Their Craft," a study of the thinking of the presidents of the American Historical Association. One of history's most perspicacious priests, the late Carl Becker, defined it as "the memory of things said and done." In this broad sense a good many of the books reviewed in this issue and every week in* SRL *are works of history. Three other books discussed below illustrate history's infinite variety: Robert A. Kann's "The Multinational Empire," a political-sociological analysis of old Austria-Hungary, R. J. Mitchell's and M. D. R. Leys's "A History of the English People," emphasizing social life, and Harold Lamb's "Suleiman the Magnificent," colorful drama of a great man of the sixteenth century.*

Portrait of a Turkish Giant

SULEIMAN THE MAGNIFICENT: Sultan of the East. By Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday & Co. 370 pp. $5.

By THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

IN 1536 PIETRO ARETINO, setting himself up as keeper of the king's conscience, wrote a scathing epistle to His Most Christian Majesty, the Valois ruler of all Gaul.

"I regret," wrote Aretino, "that I can no longer call you King of France nor Francis, for one cannot truthfully be called either King or Free [which latter is what both France and Francis mean] if he goes about begging the aid of those barbarians who are both enemies of his race and rebels against his God.

"My lord, you have thrust the Ottoman sword into the heart of Christendom!"

Thereupon, with an eloquence already well-known and a moral fervor that was an innovation, the man from Arezzo expounded both the heinousness and the probable dire consequences of compact with the Devil. He concluded with an eloquent plea to "rise up against this serpent." He was not Francis's "help" but his "destruction," not his "ally" but his "foe."

The sincerity of this letter may be questioned. The Scourge of Princes—like many others, including Martin Luther, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and more than one Pope—had toyed with the idea of getting his own benefits from the Turk, and indeed Pietro had coaxed out of Luigi Gritti, who figures prominently in this Lamb biography, an invitation to settle in Constantinople which he never specifically refused.

But its fear and its anger expressed the shock of Europe. Divided by the rivalry of Hapsburg, Valois, and Tudor, ready to send Catholic *tercio* and Lutheran *landsknecht* in a joint enterprise against the capital of Christianity, confident in its prophet Machiavelli, the compact Continent had watched complacently the advance of the disciplined armies from Asia through Belgrade and Mohac ("More was lost on Mohacs field!" said the old song) to Budapest and Vienna. It had noted the fall of Rhodes so calmly that it consumed seven years finding a new refuge for the evacuated knights. The homeland of our Western civilization was not even unduly perturbed when 2,000 Turkish seamen, led by the admiral Barbarossa, marched ninety miles inland from Naples and almost captured the most beautiful woman in Italy, Giulia Gonzaga.

But formal alliance with the Sublime Porte and an infidel fleet based on Toulon were something different! A shudder went through every palace and cottage west of Hungary. The reason was obvious. For the fifth time in our history (the Persians, Carthage, the Saracens, the Tatars, and the Turks) the East was clearly making implacable assault against the West. We should be able to understand sixteenth-century feelings, since it is happening for the sixth time today.

The man who led this assault, if reluctantly, was he whom we now call Suleiman the Magnificent. His own people called him Suleiman the Lawgiver. To Guicciardi, a contemporary, he was "an easygoing young man and not much inclined to war." We see him now as the tenth and the

THE AUTHOR: Harold Lamb has been writing since he was sixteen—having set type for his first article himself for the school paper of the Friends Seminary in New York City. Next stop was the Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University, just opened in 1915, where he put together tuition from prize funds and stories written for *Adventure*. Then there was the Army in 1917—and after that any stops were accidental; what he calls his demon of perversity pushed him into wanderings that would allow him to know what he craved to know about people little known. "How could you visualize a time and a people by knowing only *events*? You had to know the ground they lived on, the things they craved, the heritage of thought that had reached them, and also the knowledge that was not yet clear to them." He especially wanted to know the "barbarians" who had undone the grandeur that was Rome. In 1927 a publisher asked for a book on Genghis Khan, if ready in six weeks. He put together the gleanings of years in the required time and himself was not too sure it was much of a book. But an Australian wrote him: "This is history as it should be written—the pictorial imagery of the human animal in action. . . ." He hadn't known that, he says; but father Lamb and other forebears had been painters and evidently son's need to find the sights and sounds and tones of people was his own variation of visualizing a canvas as a whole. As to Suleiman—he says he liked to sit in his mosque; it appeared pitiful that libraries were full of books on other great personalities of the sixteenth century with so little on this great Turk. He worked for a year and "the man remained obscure," so he gave up. But in 1949 he went back to Turkey again—and this time, wandering and querying among people rather than texts, his luck was in. Official home is a hilltop near Los Angeles: three "huts"—workshop, living quarters, library—with family, dog, neighbors' dogs, assorted birds, deer, and visiting wildcat. But his books seem the fortunate anchor. Wherever he is Harold Lamb seems to be at home in the world because bit by bit, with patience and integrity, he has been trying to understand it. —K. S.

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last great Ottoman Sultan, one of those leaders of a steppe people, who marched into the vacuum left by the reckless destruction of the Byzantine Empire—we should know today that vacuums are dangerous—and set up their own empire based on some enlightenment and much strength.

We have long known what Suleiman looked like. Titian, at the whim of an Urbino duke, painted his portrait, and so we can see "his restless gray eyes, his thin lips, his narrow, beaked nose," and his face, which "except for a slight mustache, was shaven"—all so ably described by Harold Lamb.

The man himself has been more elusive. Because of prejudice, because only recently have the Turks turned to scientific research, and because of distance and language Suleiman has been one of the least known of the giants of the sixteenth century, that age of giant men.

Not the first—for we have Professor Merriman's solid book of 1944—but certainly the most eloquent, Harold Lamb sets out to correct this situation. He does so in a biography that is outstanding even for a man who has already distinguished himself with his fine writing, including "Genghis Khan" and "The March of the Barbarians" and "The Crusades." It is at once good reading and important history. It is at the same time a vivid portrayal of a complicated human being and a lucid presentation of the Turkish way of life.

Naturally, Mr. Lamb's first concern is with Suleiman himself, and he here shows his great skill by the balance of his treatment. For he has something of a problem on his hands. Suleiman was clearly enlightened, he was clearly not a replica of his father, Selim, who lives up to all of our standard specifications for the cruel and the terrible Turk. Yet Suleiman had his two ablest sons executed and did so as a consequence of harem intrigue. And with his own hands he garroted Ibrahim the Vizier when that Greek acted the way he might have been expected to act after Suleiman had unwisely given him almost unlimited power.

Yet Mr. Lamb is equally effective when he deals with the men and the women around Suleiman. I confess to bias, liking the sea, but I cannot imagine a more effective portrait than the one of that incorrigible old sinner and seadog Kair-ad-Din (Barbarossa), who established Moslem seapower west of Sicily and who still at sixty had a wife in every port. Here is no corsair but a great admiral, to be placed beside Nelson and Nimitz. Well done, too, are Roxelana, the concubine who became queen, the various viziers, and Suleiman's repulsive son and successor, Selim the Sot.

Mr. Lamb relies very greatly upon the methods of fiction and writes from a generally Turkish point of view. He even revises Lepanto and the Siege of Vienna. But in spite of this—or perhaps because of it—his is that most desirable of achievements—a volume that you will both want to and should read.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb is the author of "The Life of Giovanni Boccaccio," "Aretino: Scourge of Princes," and "The Letters of Aretino."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

QUOTATIONS IN THE HUMOROUS VEIN

Wendell Smith, of Morristown, New Jersey, submits twelve quotations and asks you to name the person quoted. Five correct is par, six is very good, and seven or better is excellent. Answers on page 14.

1. Authors have established it as a kind of rule that a man ought to be dull sometimes.
2. I have been an author for twenty-two years and an ass for fifty-five.
3. No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money.
4. George Moore wrote brilliant English until he discovered grammar.
5. Obscenity can be found in every book except the telephone directory.
6. An artist should be fit for the best society and keep out of it.
7. He writes indexes to perfection.
8. He writes his plays for the ages—the ages between five and twelve.
9. Only a mediocre writer is always at his best.
10. It took me fifteen years to discover I had no talent for writing, but I couldn't give it up because by that time I was too famous.
11. A learned fool is one who has read everything and simply remembered it.
12. Art is a collaboration between God and the artist, and the less the artist does the better.

Annals of Head & Heart

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By R. J. Mitchell and M. D. R. Leys. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 612 pp. $6.

By Crane Brinton

SUBTITLES, though often inconvenient and even inelegant, have their uses. A "History of the English People" suggests the famous history of that name by J. R. Green, which is an excellent survey of what we commonly think of as history. But Messrs. Mitchell and Leys are in no sense writing this sort of history; at the very least they owe us a subtitle, "A Social History." For they are concerned above all with the private, domestic lives of English men and women of all classes from prehistoric days to the present, with what they wore, what they ate, how they amused themselves, where they lived. They are not directly concerned with the economics of how people made a living; they pay rather more, but by no means central, attention to what people carried in their heads and hearts, to the sort of social history that borders on intellectual history.

Within their own self-imposed limits they do an admirable job. This sort of history cannot by the very nature of its materials have the flow and the drama of narrative history or grand generalizations in the manner of Buckle or Toynbee. The content has to be scrappy, a bit like a collection of odds and ends used to fill in awkwardly empty places in newspapers. But it is a fascinating collection of odds and ends, of "facts" in all their satisfying concreteness. Many a reader who has worked too hard to understand man's fate will find relief in these quiet and unpretentious but always professionally competent pages.

Again within their own limits the authors have made a kind of encyclopedic treatment. One can follow sports from the medieval tourneys right down to the modern mass-sports. (England, of course, began it all, however far we Americans may have outstripped her in mere quantity: as early as 1901 the British achieved a crowd of 110,000 at a football Cup Final, and as early as 1904 Middlesbrough paid Sunderland £1,000 for one of their football players.) One can follow cookery, costume, medicine, and many other forms of human activity. One can learn, alas, that the Pilgrim's Road is just another modern invention and that actually Chaucer's and all other pilgrims took the shortest and most efficient road; or one can learn that Princess Mary—not yet Bloody Mary—"fared well in 1544,

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when among her Christmas gifts were enough pieces of fancywork to stock a stall at a bazaar."

Obviously no reviewer can do more than give a rough indication of the contents of a book like this. Yet the willing reader may perhaps draw a few conclusions of his own even from this kind of social history. Mary's glut of useless Christmas gifts sounds very familiar. Indeed, at this level of history one is struck with peculiar force by the kind of persistence that customs, habits, little ways of doing and even believing possess. No accurate measure can tell us just how life differed for John Jones in England in 1450, in 1750, in 1950. Certainly much was very different in each of these periods. The leper we no longer know at all today. Bearbaiting is not practised even in secret, as cockfighting undoubtedly is. There are no highwaymen left, and there is for the first time in some thousand years an admirable police force. And yet the human likenesses are infinite. We find, for instance, that the self-made man, the newly-rich, is always with us. Piers Plowman could complain that "Soap sellers and their sons for silver are made knights." We find that the Victorina idea of women was indeed but briefly held and for but one class; mostly English women have worked and lived in a world quite as rough as that of their men. Above all, so little in our culture wholly dies; we find luck in horseshoes because our Iron Age forebears drew on the chalk of the Berkshire downs the corn goddess Cerdwen, symbolized as a horse.

—*From "A History of the English People."*

"Swimming a Witch"—ability to float proved involvement with the Devil.

Why and How the Mighty Fall

THE MULTINATIONAL EMPIRE. By Robert A. Kann. New York: Columbia University Press. Vol. I, 444 pp. Vol. II, 423 pp. $12.50.

By Robert J. Kerner

THE HAPSBURG Empire vanished at the end of the First World War. Among those who lamented its passing with regret, and even among those who felt jubilation at its downfall, the questions were often asked: "Why?" "Could it have been preserved?" "What can we learn from such an event?" "How can the empires of today avoid a similar fate?"

The utterances of statesmen and the writings of scholars from 1918 to the present time, bewailing its demise, indicate only too well that there is need of study and reflection on the history of Austria-Hungary, that its mistakes may be avoided. These speakers and writers include some of the most prominent statesmen of our time in the East and West, as well as some of the leading historians and social scientists who pretend to deal with similar problems. They would soon realize how superficially they have considered such matters if they took time out to study in the great and only laboratory for them—history.

Robert A. Kann in this volume has undoubtedly written the outstanding work on this complicated subject. The questions that have been asked come up again and again and receive rational and judicious answers. "Austria's fall only proves that the destruction of the unreformed empire was inevitable." "An attempt has been made in this study to prove that in the course of two generations until 1918 there never appeared an equally promising opportunity [as in 1848-1849] for the empire to carry out reforms without risking its disintegration." "Could Austria have been preserved, and, if so, at what price? What kind of far-reaching reforms leading to federalism or national autonomy would have secured her continued existence? Judging from a twentieth-century standpoint the answer is amazingly simple: none. One thing and one thing alone in all probability could have saved Austria for some time to come: peace."

The unreformed empire, based on the compromise of 1867 between Germans and Magyars as the master nations, had to go and no reforms could have saved it. Peace might have prolonged its life only *"for some time."* Such is the result of this painstaking study, and these were essentially the conclusions reached by the reviewer in his work for the Colonel House Inquiry and the American Peace Commission (1917-1919), at that time regarded by Western political and intellectual leaders as biased and unfounded, today established facts.

The tangled skein of history and tradition, of races and nations, and of classes and religions that was Austria-Hungary is no happy hunting ground for those who would jump to conclusions without wading through the enormous literature of the subject, even if, as the present author did, one used primarily the materials in the German language. Competent scholars could point out that the literature in the Czech and other Slavic languages, as well as in Magyar, Rumanian, and Italian is lacking, except as it has been translated into German or a Western language.

But they could not point out that the author had not considered the essentials of the attitudes and points of view of the statesmen and scholars of the numerous nationalities of the empire. There are times when he might have used the materials in the eight or nine other languages, if he could read them, to better advantage, but not to change his fundamental conclusions. To the reviewer these are definitely sound.

Robert J. Kerner, who is Sather Professor of History at the University of California, is the author of a dozen volumes on Slavic Europe.

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Seminar View

HISTORIANS AND THEIR CRAFT: A Study of the Presidential Addresses of the American Historical Association, 1884-1945. By Herman Ausubel. New York: Columbia University Press. 373 pp. $4.75.

By Geoffrey Bruun

LAYMEN curious to know what the high priests of history discuss at their annual conventions will find this a painless initiation to the mysteries of the guild; for history graduates it should be required reading. By 1945 fifty-nine presidents of the American Historical Association had defined the strategy and objectives of their profession. Herman Ausubel's analysis, far from being the dull recapitulation one might dread, is a lively and illuminating account of what happened to the patient while the doctors disagreed. Clio did not expire on the Procrustean beds prepared for her; she laughed at the locksmiths and rode off rapidly in all directions.

The locksmiths meanwhile displayed their professional skill by unpicking one another's locks. Six major issues engaged them during these sixty years, but they found only one on which all agreed: history is a broad and rich inheritance. On the five remaining questions—the immediate usefulness of history, history as literature, facts in history, the science and philosophy of history, and individuals in history — well, "particular presidents held conflicting views," as Mr. Ausubel puts it with commendable restraint.

But surely, an innocent layman might interpose, surely in this period of unparalleled scientific progress historians improved their techniques, clarified their definitions, and moved to firmer ground from which to make more positive observations. It may be so and in some departments it was so; but it is difficult to demonstrate from the presidential addresses.

In 1884 history seemed a definite discipline. By Leopold von Ranke's dictum the historian's duty was "to ascertain as nearly as possible and to record exactly what happened." Fifty years later this "scientific history" with its patient pursuit of "facts" was lost in the quicksands of "relativism." As Carl Becker explained in "Everyman His Own Historian" (1931), facts had proved a dumb oracle. Left to themselves they did not speak or even exist. "There is no fact until someone affirms it." What, then, was the "content" of history and why study it?

Herman Ausubel—"Clio did not expire."

History, Becker submitted, is "the memory of things said and done." Everyone holds opinions about what happened in the past, but no two pictures are identical and none is a faithful record of past actuality. Nevertheless "Everyman" borrows and manipulates such "truths" of history as are available to him in an effort to orient himself—in this sense history is utilitarian. Some dazed survivors of the scientific school thought the word should be futilitarian.

But "utilitarian" was the word—very few of the historians represented in this volume urged that the past should be studied for itself. Yet while insisting that history was socially useful they seldom offered suggestions for making it more so. None, for instance, discussed improvements in classroom teaching to these successive assemblies of teachers. The secrets of effective craftsmanship, the techniques of research and criticism, the increasing value of statistics were neglected topics. More puzzling still was the indifference these specialists showed for the phenomenal progress in library organization, the new role of camera and microfilm, the import of the "communications revolution."

Mr. Ausubel is surprised at this omission of specific problems. He might have pondered more deeply the power of annual program committees that delegated the discussion of weapons and tactics to panels of subalterns. A hardening tradition confined the generals to grand strategy and condemned them to view it, if not through the fog of war, at least through the dust of the seminar, which can be equally opaque.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Joseph Addison. 2. Mark Twain. 3. Samuel Johnson. 4. Oscar Wilde. 5. George Bernard Shaw. 6. John Ruskin. 7. Oliver Goldsmith. 8. George Jean Nathan. 9. Somerset Maugham. 10. Robert Benchley. 11. Josh Billings. 12. André Gide.

To Preserve the Past

HISTORY: ITS PURPOSE AND METHOD. By G. J. Renier. Boston: The Beacon Press. 272 pp. $3.

By Joseph R. Strayer

OUR CIVILIZATION has always been historically-minded, and this tendency has grown stronger in recent years. But the more we use history the more we worry about its value and purpose: is it a trustworthy guide to action, a mere rationalization of actions which we would perform in any case, or simply a highbrow way of escaping the problems of the present? More books have been written on the methodology and the philosophy of history in the last fifty years than in all the preceding centuries; they have sharpened our awareness of the problems but have provided no final solutions.

Mr. Renier's book is a notable contribution to this literature. It is the work of a practising historian, not (as has often been the case) of a philosopher trying to fit history into a preconceived framework. At the same time it is based on a consistently held and explicitly avowed philosophy—that of pragmatism. Since most historians have a streak of the pragmatist in them this gives rather good results, especially in discussing methodology. Writing history is not a matter of laying brick on brick of fact until a solid house of knowledge has been built; it is more like drawing a sketch map of a vast area without benefit of trigonometry or aerial surveys. Our predecessors have blazed some trails through the dense forest of the past and we can cut a few new tracks of our own, but we will learn the general configuration of the forest and the routes from place to place only by walking in it for years. Our methods must be pragmatic; only thus can we produce increasingly accurate sketches of the past.

Mr. Renier is undoubtedly right when he says that the first obligation of the historian is to tell a story. He describes, with great clarity and insight, the way in which the historian secures and organizes the material for the story, but he is not so clear in answering the question of why the story should be told. Mr. Renier believes that telling the story is a "social service," "a series of answers to questions in which society asks for guidance," but he also says: "The historian's task is to preserve. It must be left to other agents to make use of the material collected and presented by him." He argues that generalizations about human behavior should be left to the sociologists, but he be-

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lieves that historians can find "regularities of occurrence which . . . are called 'laws of history.'"

Where does this leave us? Certainly if the historian even unconsciously answers questions posed by society he is using his material for a contemporary purpose. If the "regularities of occurrence" which Mr. Renier formulates at the end of his book are not generalizations about human behavior, then they are something far more dubious—generalizations about impersonal blind forces which dominate human behavior.

The reason for these apparent contradictions is clear enough: Mr. Renier, like all good historians, does not want his subject to be confused with prophecy, sociology, or political ideologies, but these distinctions could be drawn without imposing such severe and untenable restrictions on the historian. Anyone who has studied intensively human behavior in the past is bound to make generalizations about it, and to think that his wider knowledge gives him some insight into problems of human behavior today. His generalizations and his proposed solutions will appear in his writing, either explicitly or implicitly. We cannot expect the historian to refrain from doing with his greater experience what the humblest citizen does with very limited experience. But we can expect that he will propose his ideas with both modesty and discretion.

Of all men the historian should best know how vast the world, how complicated society, how intricate the human mind. It is this knowledge which should keep him far apart from the fanatic, the systematizer, and the demagogue.

Professor Joseph R. Strayer, chairman of the Department of History at Princeton University, edited "The Interpretation of History" and is the author of four volumes on medieval history.

History Notes

FROM NAPOLEON TO STALIN: Comments on European History. By A. J. P. Taylor. British Book Centre. $3. Like a skater crossing cavernous depths on thin ice Mr. Taylor skims over the profundities of history with an insouciance that almost suggests he is unaware of them. His levity, however, is all on the surface. The tragedy of modern Europe has inspired so many Jeremiahs that he shuns the wailing chorus and resorts to Voltairean irony. Contemplating the er-

(*Continued on page* 37)

Belles-Lettres.

Three of the band of writers who made the Twenties such an exciting decade in literature are the subjects of important biographical and critical studies reviewed this week. It seems unlikely that Theodore Dreiser will ever be treated to the vogue of a Henry James or an F. Scott Fitzgerald, but his influence on succeeding generations of writers—for example, James ("From Here to Eternity") Jones—is strong and steady. In "Theodore Dreiser" the late F. O. Matthiessen has written an illuminating study of his work, while in "My Life with Dreiser" his wife, Helen, tells about his loves. Harry T. Moore's "Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence" is by far the best treatment yet of a writer of perennial and controversial interest, while Mildred R. Bennett's "The World of Willa Cather" is a suggestive if scarcely satisfactory personal study of a novelist whose work is about due for rediscovery and reappraisal.

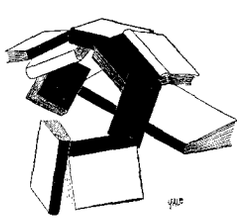
Social & Sexual Revolutionary

THEODORE DREISER. By F. O. Matthiessen. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 267 *pp.* $3.50.

MY LIFE WITH DREISER. By Helen Dreiser. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 328 *pp.* $3.75.

By Maxwell Geismar

THE LATE F. O. Matthiessen was one of the rare and admirable scholars in the field of American letters. After his history of the literary revival of the 1850's, "American Renaissance," and his work on Henry James, which became, one might almost say, an obsession or an affliction, it was typical of his interests that his last book should be a study of Theodore Dreiser—at almost the other pole of fiction.



This novelist, the best of all the modern Americans in my own opinion, is just about as controversial today as he was during his lifetime. While Fitzgerald and Faulkner and the other figures of the 1920's and 1930's will have their periods of being rediscovered, Dreiser will probably remain what he always was, a sort of monolith, half-buried in time and hidden from general view, but the foundation stone and the one indispensable figure in the development of contemporary writing.

The present study makes this clear again, and to his credit Matthiessen does not share the prejudices of the New Criticism (which is by now old, established, and highly respectable) about Dreiser's work. It is easy enough to ridicule this novelist, but it is essential to understand him. The focus of Matthiessen's book is on Dreiser's central point of view: the sympathy, compassion, and complete identification with all forms of life and that final simplicity which marks the highest order of talent. There is an excellent chapter on the development of Dreiser's philosophy, which was based on the evolutionary thinking of Darwin and Spencer but was far more rich, fluid, complex than the similar reverberations of Darwinism in the novels of Frank Norris or Jack London.

Dreiser's early novels "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt" receive perhaps the most complete and intelligent treatment in any study to date. They had a revolutionary influence on the literature of the time, and this was not so much because Dreiser opposed the social conventions of his period. He simply worked completely outside of them, in another dimension. His basic affinity was with Balzac and the French novelists of compulsions and passions rather than with Zola and the naturalistic school. Yet while Matthiessen stresses the human core of Dreiser's work and his value as a historical figure he misses or underestimates that other pole of his art which came to fulfillment in what one may call the diabolical poetry of "The Financier" and "The Titan."

He was a kind of authentic "primitive," as is suggested here, but he was also a highly sophisticated artist at the end, whose imagination was just as complex in its own way as that of the great nineteenth-century Europeans. Consider, for instance, the development of the trial scene in the

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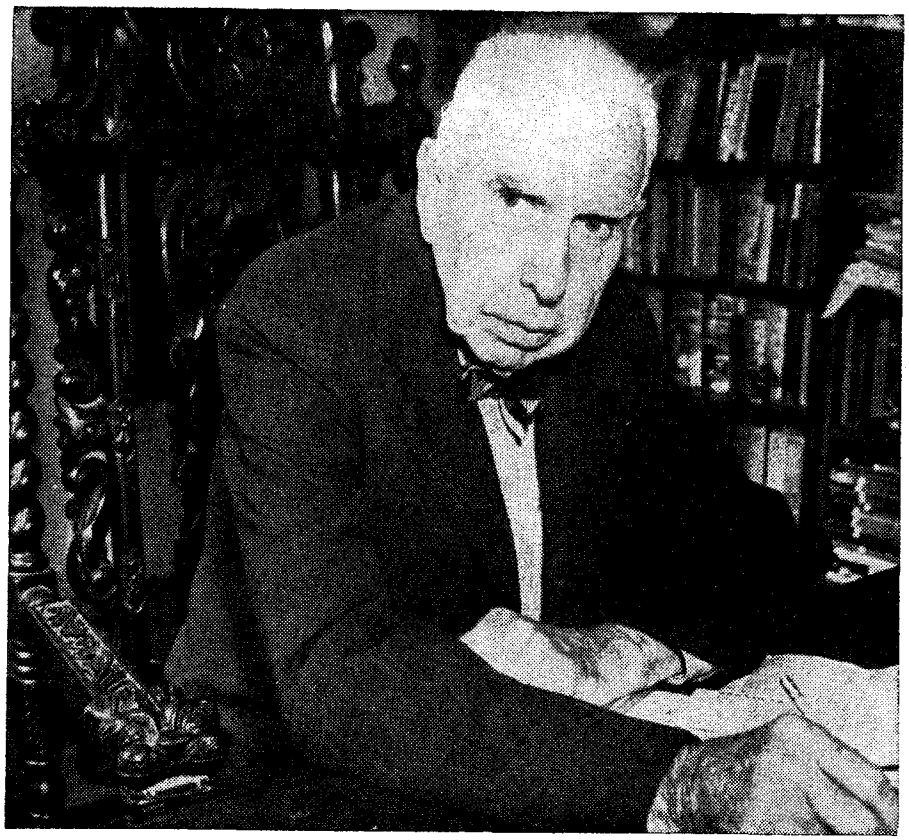

—*Frontispiece from "Theodore Dreiser."*

Theodore Dreiser—"a sort of monolith, half-buried in time."

second book of "An American Tragedy." Matthiessen's study has a curious flatness, and one has the impression that he never quite got to grips with Dreiser's true temperament: ruthless as well as sympathetic, fascinated by power, by brutality, by suffering, ambivalent in its approach to experience as well as tortured and destructive. The biographical material in this study is simplified, too, and barely mentions the sexuality—which Dreiser himself stressed—that was at the center of his beliefs, if not indeed the secret core of his work.

Dreiser was a social revolutionary only toward the end of his life, but he was always, and primarily, a sexual revolutionary. Mrs. Dreiser's book throws more light on this theme, which Dorothy Dudley's earlier biography also emphasized and which Matthiessen's study hardly seems to understand. "My Life with Dreiser" is far from being a critical interpretation. But it is a perfectly direct account of Dreiser's romance with a distant cousin and of a central relationship in his life—a relationship that was disturbed or broken more than once, that was often difficult if not impossible in Helen Dreiser's terms. The style is sometimes sentimental or banal, some passages are evasive where Dreiser himself was most explicit, but the story is written by a woman who knew Dreiser, who came to understand and to accept his temperament and always to support his work.

The novelist himself has told us that his love affairs always seemed to come in pairs, a situation which he ascribed to the polarity of life but which Helen Dreiser more correctly traces to his fear of depending on a single human being. After the nervous breakdown which followed the banning of "Sister Carrie" there appeared a vein of iron in his character, and nothing—not even the emotional destruction he consistently courted in his love affairs—could block his work. This situation, which was in its domestic aspects often ludicrous, ironic, heartbreaking, is at the center of Helen Dreiser's book, and she describes it with admirable balance, serenity, and a kind of submerged humor.

There is much useful information here, too, on the history of Dreiser's career from the middle 1920's to "The Bulwark" and the unpublished "Notes on Life." In its own way "My Life with Dreiser" gives a more essential feeling about him than the best scholarly study, for he was after all an artist who broke all the academic canons to describe what he believed to be the essence of American life.

Maxwell Geismar, the author of "Writers in Crisis" and "The Last of the Provincials," is a literary critic and historian.

A Dispassionate Study

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. By Harry T. Moore. New York: Twayne Publishers. 400 pp. $4.50.

By William York Tindall

AFTER declining for a number of years, interest in D. H. Lawrence is booming again. Last year saw the publication of Richard Aldington's biography; the spring season this year promises a memoir by Witter Bynner and a new edition of "The Plumed Serpent," one of the outstanding novels of the twentieth century. Critical studies by Mark Schorer and others are in preparation. Harry T. Moore's book, which is less the product of this revival than of an interest extending over many years, is on the whole the most satisfactory one on Lawrence that has yet appeared. It is not only the most thorough study of his life and works but the most dispassionate—and among treatments of Lawrence that is no common thing.

Because he was what Joyce would have called a "kinetic" artist Lawrence inflames the passions of readers and critics, and their response to him, far from the contemplation and peace that art is supposed to engender, has been violently partisan, as if the works were invitations to battle. Balance, knowledge, and judgment have saved Mr. Moore from these extremes. Surveying Lawrence's uneven work he notes the bad and praises the good. A greater Lawrence emerges from this judicial survey, a Lawrence who takes a place beside Faulkner and Virginia Woolf, somewhat below the eminence occupied by Joyce, Mann, and Proust. With Mr. Moore's aid we can return to "Sons and Lovers," "The Plumed Serpent," and "Birds, Beasts, and Flowers," the major achievements of Lawrence, and, all passion spent, contemplate his vision of reality.

Much of Mr. Moore's biographical material is new. His research has uncovered many hitherto unknown and not altogether uninteresting details of Lawrence's youth: letters of recommendation from principals of schools, for example, estimates of his proficiency as a teacher, and his grades in biology and English, subjects which, of course, remained a preoccupation of his later years. More important than these, however, is the first complete account of Lawrence's relationship with Jessie Chambers, the Miriam of "Sons and Lovers." Surviving fragments of manuscript prove that she wrote many paragraphs of his book and emended others.

Details of Lawrence's later life are

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properly subordinated to the study of his works. But, although it is proper to limit biographical details to those that illuminate the works, it seems a pity that decorum prevented Mr. Moore from discussing the fate of Lawrence's ashes, which according to rumor occasioned a deplorable disagreement among his survivors. It is also a pity that Mr. Moore's fine neutrality seems to have demanded a style without flavor or distinction.

Not the least value of his book is bibliographical. One appendix is devoted for the sake of scholars and collectors, if any, to a list of first editions. Another appendix provides a critical survey of books about Lawrence, and this alone would make the book an indispensable companion to all readers of Lawrence.

As a critic of Lawrence's work Mr. Moore is adequate but not remarkable. Summaries of plot may serve, as he maintains, a critical purpose; but sometimes his summaries, becoming an end in themselves, take the place of criticism, though they are of value in a work which seems partly intended as a guide and handbook for readers.

Mr. Moore's happiest insights as critic and literary historian are to be found in the sections dealing with Lawrence's use of symbols. Connecting Lawrence with the symbolist movement he shows that "Women in Love" employs all the devices of evocation that we associate with the school of Baudelaire. It becomes clear that Lawrence, like Joyce and Woolf, adapted the methods of poetry to prose. In this light the prophetical matter with which Lawrence loaded his books may be seen as part of an esthetic organization. The approach to Lawrence which Mr. Moore has admirably attempted is the one which must be made by critics if Lawrence is to be recognized as something more than a minor prophet.

William York Tindall, professor of English at Columbia University, is the author of "Forces in Modern British Literature" and "James Joyce."

Forefinger

By Witter Bynner

ALL I can think of when I think of death
Is: I myself am breathing absent breath—
Is: My own finger—which accents a word
Or, without pointing, travels in a bird—
Is a dead finger and, although it die,
Shall be another's finger and be I.

Intellectual Sleuths in Action

THE SCHOLAR ADVENTURERS. By Richard D. Altick. New York: The Macmillan Co. 338 pp. $5.

By MARJORIE NICOLSON

THE LITERARY scholar as Richard D. Altick describes him is "a man whose professional life happily retains the charms of a number of hobbies" and who, as the reader may feel, carries into maturity many of the enthusiasms of youth. He "collects"; he likes puzzles; he seeks for Spanish gold or the pot at the end of the rainbow; he is an explorer and traveler whose search (if private means or goodly fellowships permit) may carry him over half the world. Most of all he is a detective, sleuthing for evidence or tracking his intellectual quarry down the centuries. Mr. Altick's rich collection of scholarly adventures and discoveries helps explain a minor mystery: the fact that many scholars and professors are addicted to puzzles and to reading and not infrequently writing "whodunits." The chapter headings in this volume deliberately suggest mystery-story titles: The Case of the Curious Bibliographers, Exit a Lady, Secrets in Cipher, The Secret of the Ebony Cabinet. Many of the tales have been selected because they involve materials of thrillers—ciphers and cryptograms, forgeries and faked antiques, murder and extortion, missing documents and lost treasure, infrared rays and faded ink, even astrological predictions.

The book will surprise those readers who think of the scholar as a thick-spectacled Mr. Dryasdust shut off from the world in stuffy libraries, burrowing through old tomes with no more passion than a bookworm. Anyone interested in books and authors of the past—many of them familiar even in sophomore survey courses — should find interest and excitement here. Unfortunately for Mr. Altick his first tale—the discovery of the Boswell papers—has been retold so often in recent newspapers, magazines, and reviews that it no longer has the novelty it would have had ten months ago. Let the reader skip on to The Case of the Curious Bibliographers and A Gallery of Inventors and read of the most extraordinary forgeries ever discovered in scholarship, in which literary forgery seems to have been a perennial crime. Even if he is a conservative taxpayer he is not likely to resent the fact that the New York Public Library pays out money for frauds and boasts of "splendid forgeries." If the reader's taste in thrillers runs to science rather than mystery

—*Elliott Erwitt.*

Richard D. Altick—"rich collection."

he will find what he wants in the chapter on the scholar and the scientist.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter to lay readers will prove to be Post Mortems. Long after we have forgotten details of their works we remember scraps of gossip we have picked up about the lives and personalities of famous authors. "Poets and prose writers alike have been a notoriously sickly lot," as Mr. Altick says. Pope was a hunchback; Swift died insane; Samuel Johnson had a host of physical ills and temperamental difficulties; Carlyle was a martyr to dyspepsia; Meredith suffered from locomotor ataxia; Arnold died of angina because he ran for a Liverpool tram; Swinburne had epilepsy and was also forced by his lawyer to "take the cure."

These statements still seem to be accurate, but the physical and mental ills and frailties of other authors have been greatly exaggerated. Working with modern physicians and psychiatrists, scholars have gone over old records and discovered new ones. They have been moved in their search neither by a sentimental wish to speak no ill of the dead nor a melodramatic desire for exaggeration. Surveying their findings Mr. Altick offers us the latest evidence on many old wives' tales. Pepys wrote the pathetic last words of his "Diary" when he believed that he was going blind, but he might have continued that "Diary" indefinitely had he had spectacles of a sort any oculist could prescribe today. Milton's blindness was not so simple, and doctors still disagree about it among themselves, though they disagree also with the scurrilous charges of Milton's political adversaries and some equally distorted modern crack-

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pots. Did Byron have a club foot—"the form and features of an Apollo with the feet and legs of a sylvan Satyr"? Was opium the inspiration of "Kubla Khan," and were "The Confessions of an Opium Eater" reflections of De Quincey's actual experience? Did Burns live a life of debauchery and die of drink? The dispassionate search of scholars has put an end to most of these legends, rumors, and calumnies.

This is a book for the scholar as well as for the layman. To be sure, most scholars are familiar with the main outlines of the tales of adventure retold by Mr. Altick, but since few can keep up in all fields we may well be grateful to the author for combing so many and telling us the ends of stories whose beginnings we used to know and bringing us up to date on recent evidence in many major and minor investigations. We have reason to thank him for his generous attempt to show the public the other side of our apparently humdrum and unromantic trade. In these days when scholar-teachers are forced to be more aware of the postwar situation in crowded universities and colleges than of the past we may read "The Scholar Adventurers" with nostalgia, remembering days of excitement and fun, brief periods of discovery and illumination, and those moments of triumph we would not exchange with any stout Cortez—moments of splendid isolation when each of us has had the momentary experience of being the only living person to know something that the world has never known or long forgotten.

Marjorie Nicolson is professor of English in the graduate school of Columbia University.

Pioneers and the Ladies Aid

THE WORLD OF WILLA CATHER. By Mildred R. Bennett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 226 pp. $3.50.

By James R. Shively

THROUGH the gossipy, discursive first hundred pages of this book runs an account of the lives of a few families, the Cathers and others, who came from the East to the raw little town of Red Cloud, Nebraska, struggled against its harshness to preserve their precious refinement, and eventually prospered. The manner of the telling of that struggle is the book's greatest charm. For just as the material is composed of small-town anecdotes and family reminiscences, its narration has the chatty, irrelevant, repetitious, and delightfully unsyntactical flavor of Ladies-Aid conversation.

Within this mass of Midwestern lore are surprising glimpses of Willa Cather herself. As a young girl she was fiercely ambitious and avidly curious, and her interests ranged from the folk tales of immigrant settlers to amateur vivisection. At one period she called herself "William Cather, M.D.," and startled the townsfolk, her mother included, with boyish haircut and clothes. So voluminous is the collection of such trivia that a reader may easily forget that Miss Cather lived for only seven years in Red Cloud and afterward visited there only occasionally.

With the adult years of her artistic development and her entry into the world of artistic celebrities the book deals briefly. But this latter part of the work will be a small treasure to Cather admirers for the many fragments of the novelist's writing it contains. Made up largely of quotations from little-known essays and of paraphrases from letters the narrative, wandering pleasantly from Red Cloud to Pittsburgh to Paris and back, reveals that a beautiful, vigorous style had been Willa Cather's from her early years. The only regret will be that too many quotations are tantalizingly difficult to identify as such.

The book as a whole will be of questionable value to critics and scholars. There are few clues to the credibility of factual statements and no evaluation of material. The author's persistent identification of fictional characters and locales with actual persons and places is seldom convincing and oddly inconsistent with her quotations of Miss Cather's own statements: "I believe most authors shrink from actual portrait painting" and "I have never drawn but one portrait of an actual person." The truth is that even Red Cloud citizens no more agree on the identification of her fictional characters than they do on the general admirability of the youthful Miss Cather. The key to a proper appreciation of Mrs. Bennett's book is the fact that she is herself a resident of Red Cloud. As such she has undoubtedly had access to information which no outsider could have reached; but she has just as surely had to ally herself with one side in the persistent controversy which has sent more than one would-be biographer away from the town in despair.

However, even with all its limitations, "The World of Willa Cather" is strangely appealing. The large collection of photographs so wisely included is a happy surprise. And to the host of those who have come to love the Midwest and its past, whether from experience or from the art of its

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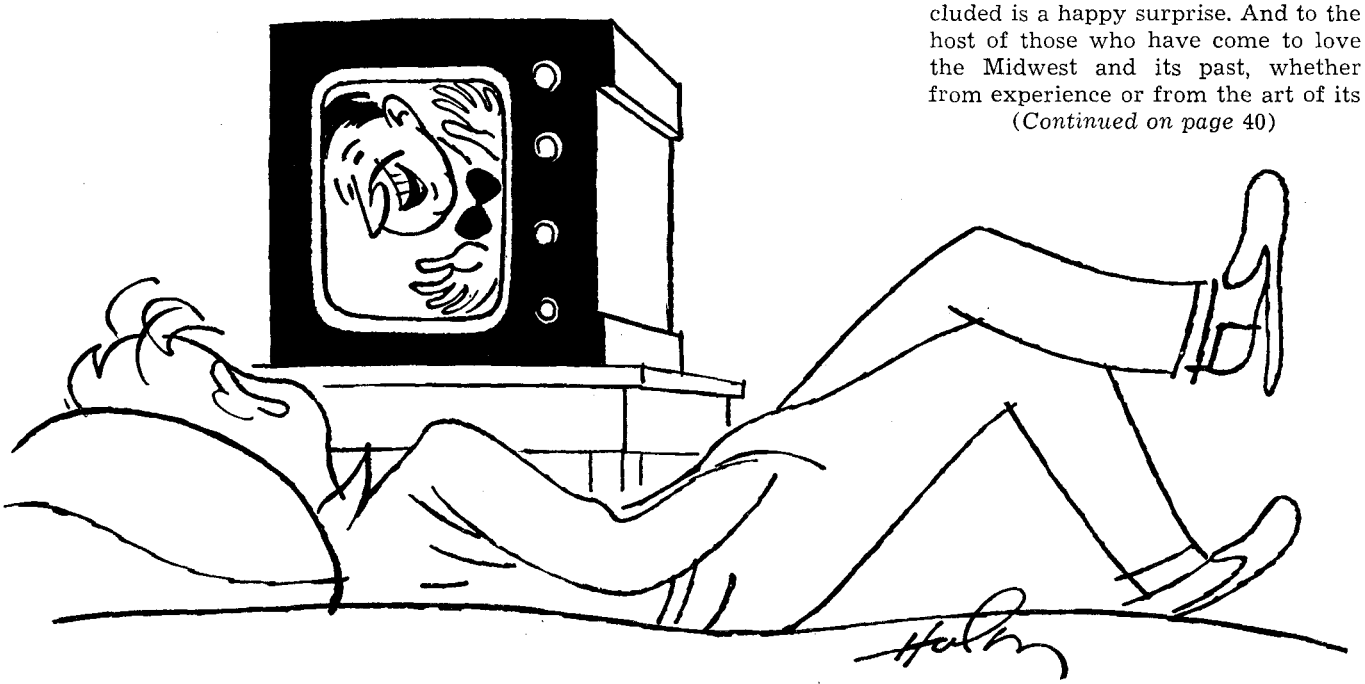

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Sex—the Schizoid Best Seller

ALBERT ELLIS

WHAT is the typical American's sex life really like? Dr. Alfred Kinsey and his associates undertook to answer that question for the male of the species in their now famous Kinsey Report, and they are presently at work on a study to provide comparable information for womankind.

What does the average American really think, feel, and believe about sex? A rewarding approach to that question is through the study of the most popular mass media available to Americans. The attitudes toward and the treatment of sex topics appearing every day in our best-selling books, magazines, newspapers, movies, plays, radio and television shows, and popular songs offer a key to what the man-in-the-street and the woman-in-the-home are thinking and feeling about this perennially absorbing subject. If what Dr. Kinsey and his colleagues dealt with are outlets of sex these might be called the inlets.

More than a year ago I began an intensive study of the contemporary inlets of sex—American attitudes, beliefs, opinions, and myths about sex, love, marriage, and the family, as they were currently disseminated by our most representative mass media. In the course of this inquiry I examined 442 publications and productions issued or presented on the day which traditionally marks the turn of the century, January 1, 1950. Since then I have been culling and classifying all relevant references and parsing the results logically and psychologically.

The 2,412 references to sex present a disturbing picture of what goes on in the average American's mind. If you can conceive of sex views that flatly contradict themselves, that recommend our believing one way and acting another, that have conscious and unconscious implications ceaselessly at war with each other, and that induce most Americans ardently to desire and vehemently to abhor at one and the same time certain varieties of sex behavior—then you are thinking of the beliefs, opinions, and attitudes on sex which are currently appearing in our most avidly read creative and non-creative writing.

Consider as an illustration some of the more popular forms of modern fiction. A careful reading of a number of best-selling novels makes the conclusion inescapable that the American public will not take a work of fiction to its heart if the story does not simultaneously imply that unconventional sex behavior is the nastiest—and tastiest—business imaginable.

There is such an embarrassment of riches available as examples that one hardly knows where to turn first. Take for a starter John O'Hara's most popular and least artistic book, "A Rage to Live," which headed the fiction best-seller lists on January 1, 1950. Mr. O'Hara can hardly be accused of stark prudery. His novel barely gets on its mark before he offers a governor of Pennsylvania who revels in the pleasures of urination; a description of marital intercourse that makes the reader a third participant; a literally blow-by-blow account of a night in the life of two whores; anecdotes that would bring down the prexy upon almost any college humor-magazine; a juicy extramarital affair in which the heroine engages with no qualms or regrets; and sundry other sexual escapades of a hardly orthodox nature. But Mr. O'Hara's uncoy heroine stoutly refuses to bed with a man whom she truly likes and respects, telling him: "I'm sorry, too. It has to be love with me, Paul. Or the other so much that I don't know where it comes from and can't help it." This same heroine, moreover, is beside herself when a girl friend insinuates that she should allow another girl to paint her while she is engaged in copulating with a man. To be thought capable of such deviational sex conduct is considered by her to be the rankest insult.

In another best seller, "The Man With the Golden Arm," Nelson Algren has several of his characters fornicate and commit adultery as if to have them engage in any other kind of sex relations would be unnatural, unethical, and ultra-depressing. But one of Mr. Algren's hard-boiled policemen is so disgusted by homosexuality that he almost retches every time it comes to his attention; another character is sent to jail "for unbecoming words to a lady"; and still another character, a night-club chorine, apologizes and blushes to her paramour when she explains some of the gestures she employs in the course of her nightly routine.

"One on the House," by Mary Lasswell, reverses the sex attitude dualism of the O'Hara-Algren type of novel in that basically it is the most prim, conventional, and sexless book one could hope to discover on the best-seller lists. Miss Lasswell's heroines are three religious old ladies who whenever they enter a crowded subway train wield their umbrellas to make certain that no would-be rapist gets within six feet of their tender hides. But "One on the House" is studded with transparently sexual references to urination, the human buttocks, venereal disease, the genitourinary apparatus, gastrointestinal outbursts, and other correlates of scatology.

—*Bradford Bachrach.* —*Robert McCullough.*

Paul Gallico, Mary Lasswell, Nelson Algren—"prim and improper, prudish and lewdish."

SO IT GOES in best seller after best seller. In Edison Marshall's "Gypsy Sixpence" the hero, Rom, and his father are pointedly unashamed of Rom's illegitimate birth; but several other characters hound him because of it. In Alberto Moravia's "The Woman of Rome" a married man who is unconcernedly having an adulterous relationship with the heroine blows his top when a serious painter wishes her to pose in the nude. In Paul Gallico's "The Lonely" an American officer blithely goes off on a sleeping tour with a young English girl—but then cannot bear to tell his fiancée how he has "sinned" against her. In William E. Wilson's "Abe Lincoln of Pigeon

(*Continued on page 42*)

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U.S.S.R. *"There are at the present time two great nations in the world. . . . I allude to the Russians and the Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed; and while the attention of mankind was directed elsewhere, they have suddenly placed themselves in the front rank among nations. . . . The conquests of the Americans are . . . gained by the ploughshare; those of the Russians by the sword. . . . The principal interest of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. . . . Each of them seems marked by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe." These amazingly prophetic words were written by Alexis de Tocqueville 115 years ago in his book "Democracy in America." . . . The four new works on Russia reviewed below merit the attention of every American who feels any responsibility for the future of his globe.*

Where Marxism Went Astray

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF COMMUNISM: An Introduction. By R. N. Carew Hunt. New York: The Macmillan Co. 232 pp. $3.

By JOHN N. HAZARD

WHEN an educated Englishman sets down his thoughts in a slim volume about a controversial subject there is usually provided a feast for the intellectual. Carew Hunt's volume is no disappointment. Although the book is heralded as a manual for beginners, it is probably safe to say that it will be enjoyed most by those who know their Marxism. Beginners may well find it too much abbreviated to permit of full understanding. It covers much ground: original Marxist doctrines and their development; the history of revolutionary organization in Russia and the West; a description of contemporary Communist tactics and a suggestion of what may be expected in the future.

Carew Hunt follows no discernible "line" in his presentation. He appears to be a real independent. Every school of Marxist thought and its criticism will quarrel with some of his evaluations. He thinks that Communists really believe that they are applying a theory to political situations; that Communism appeals to the better-paid workers rather than to the very poor; that Communism's strength has lain in its power to influence large sections of the intelligentsia; that Communism can be combatted only by opposing to it a conception of life based upon wholly different principles; that Lenin's most important contribution was in the field of Party organization and Stalin's in his theory of "Socialism in one country"; that Marxian dialectics are not completely valueless but can be applied with genuine force to the analysis of society; that the power of Marx's "Capital" lies in its central idea rather than in the arguments used to support it; and that no labor organization, whatever its professed creed, will seek to overthrow the capitalist system so long as this is making large profits.

Pedagogues may question the effectiveness of Carew Hunt's method of presentation in this volume. He does not wait until he has set forth the Marxist theories before he begins his criticism. Nearly every sentence of explanation of Marxist ideas is followed by a refutation. This method may be thought to complicate the text for a beginner, who will have a hard time grasping the Marxian concept at all.

So much has been said of Russian perversion of Marxist ideas that Carew Hunt's analysis of this aspect is especially interesting. He lays the blame for the perversion on Russian history. He believes that Marxism went astray because it was put into effect in an underdeveloped country with no democratic tradition in which it could only be maintained by intensifying that autocratic rule under which its people had always suffered—hence the Leninist development of the concept of a highly centralized and undemocratic party with all other institutions subordinated to it and Stalin's conversion of Marxism into an "ossified and inflexible code."

Some hope is offered those trying to counter Marxism's advance over Soviet borders. Carew Hunt believes that Communism has no chance of coming into power in other countries without Russian aid and that the Russians will require such subservience to their pattern that even Moscow-trained local leaders may be unwilling to see their Parties discredited by espousing policies directly contrary to the national interest. On the other hand, he can think of no creed to counter Soviet ideology, since such a creed would have to claim the absolute value Communists claim for their own. He specifically sets aside Christianity and liberalism as having any such claims to offer.

Readers are being told, apparently, that some intellectuals cannot be dissuaded from accepting Marxism because they seek a creed which claims absolute values, but that such intellectuals will remain impotent politically unless the Soviet Union is able to help them gain power. A dangerous coalition of Communist nations against the rest of the world is also thought unlikely because of the Russian propensity to require that all other Communist nations follow their pattern and all other Communist leaders accept their commands.

Time will test this thesis perhaps sooner than Carew Hunt imagined when he wrote his book. The Chinese are now under a militant Communist banner. Many Far Eastern experts believe that the Chinese Communists managed to reach power without Russian aid of a material character. Will they now reject Russian leadership? Will there develop a momentum in Southeast Asia which will sweep indigenous Communist leaders to power even without Russian aid?

The answers to such questions have much to do with the formulation of American foreign policy. Is it necessary only to keep Russian armies and ships out of the area of Southeast Asia, or must there be action to improve living standards so that intellectuals will find no soil prepared for the acceptance of their ideas? There will be Americans who will question the wisdom of a policy based solely on keeping Russian aid out of an area but many more who will hope that Carew Hunt is right when he anticipates the impossibility of a Communist coalition under present Soviet policies of dictation from Moscow.

John N. Hazard is professor of public law in Columbia University and director of the university's Russian Institute.

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A Constructive Lenin

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION. By Edward H. Carr. New York: The Macmillan Co. 430 pp. $5.

By Frederick C. Barghoorn

THIS impressive and valuable work analyzes and appraises the development of Soviet political institutions from the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 until the adoption in 1923 of the USSR's first constitution. According to the author's preface two other volumes, dealing respectively with "the economic order" and with foreign relations in the same formative period, are "far advanced."

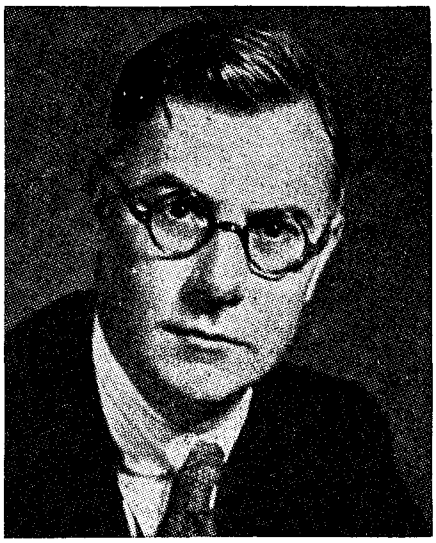
Edward H. Carr should perhaps have entitled this volume "Lenin and the Bolshevik Revolution." It is essentially a sympathetic but critical and learned study of Lenin's achievements as revolutionary theorist and, in the author's words, "great constructive statesman." Carr thus characterizes Lenin mainly for his success in reuniting the shattered Russian Empire into the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Slightly more than one-third of this first volume is devoted to that theme, under the heading Dispersal and Reunion.

Leading up to this last section are two others, entitled respectively The Man and the Instrument and The Constitutional Structure. In them we see Lenin creating and dominating the Bolshevik Party and using it first to snatch power from the faltering Provisional Government and then to create a highly centralized dictatorship which survived the vicissitudes of civil war and foreign intervention.

Within this framework the author presents clearly and concisely a staggering wealth of information, drawn almost entirely from original Soviet sources. Much of his story is familiar to students of Russia, but it is probably fair to say that no other single volume in any language contains more factual information on the development of Soviet institutions.

As usual Professor Carr handles his material with deceptively easy grace, and for the most part his tone is one of calm detachment. As a piece of research this is a distinguished performance. It is not, of course, easy reading. In fact, parts of it will be almost unintelligible to persons not grounded in Russian history and Marxist-Leninist theory; but complex matters are presented probably as simply as they can be without superficiality.

The merits of the study add up to a perceptive analysis which sheds much light on the whole course of Soviet development. Main lines are laid down; one hopes and expects that the author will pursue them further. Thus, for example, the process of establishment of Lenin's one-man leadership is brilliantly set forth. Its mitigation by Lenin's sense of the temporariness of his power and the disturbing future implications of exercise of this vast power by other hands after his passing are suggested. Similarly, the evil effects even in the early months of Soviet rule of Russian "backwardness" are brought out.



Edward H. Carr—"calm detachment."

In this reviewer's opinion the principal defect of this remarkable volume is its preoccupation with Marxist doctrines and their embodiment in Soviet institutions. This emphasis has its merits, too, but as treated by the author here seems to have led to obscuring and even obliterating the psychological and religious aspects of the Revolution. In particular, Lenin's motivation remains obscure. This focus makes for a certain dryness in presenting an intrinsically dramatic subject.

Many readers will be annoyed by Professor Carr's extremely frequent and perhaps doctrinaire use of Marxist terms such as "bourgeois." Finally, many will wonder, as did this reviewer, whether Lenin's genius was really "constructive." According to Carr's account he failed to realize his professed values. Doubtless, as Carr suggests again and again, the odds were heavily stacked against realization of "socialist" values in Russia, but failure in all but the arts of power is surely an ironic fate for a social revolutionist. Does not Professor Carr's attempt to explain the course of the Revolution mainly in terms of unfavorable circumstances minimize significant factors deriving from Leninist doctrine itself?

Frederick C. Barghoorn is author of the recently published book "The Soviet Image of the United States: A Study in Distortion."

Imperialism Again

THE NEW SOVIET EMPIRE. By David J. Dallin. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 210 pp. $3.75.

By Bertram D. Wolfe

DAVID DALLIN is one of our most farsighted historians. His seven books published here since 1942 have predicted the course of the Stalin-Hitler alliance, revealed its secret clauses, analyzed the emerging class structure of the new Soviet State, provided a documented account of the slave-labor system, prophesied the breakup of the Grand Alliance and the end of the "Browder line" in the American Communist Party, forewarned of the fate of China and Korea. That is an enviable record for any writer whose books try to keep up with the headlines in the daily press.

"The New Soviet Empire" is an analysis of postwar Russia. It deals with the growth of Soviet imperialism; the changing character of Stalinism as a state system; the new structures of privilege, power, and prestige; the revival of Great-Russian nationalism; the nature of the bureaucratic-military-police revolution that the Kremlin has now standardized for export to its reluctant neighbors; the omnipresence of corruption as the obverse of excessive statification; the contrast between the fabulous luxury and privilege in which the new ruling class lives and the weary and harassed poverty which is the lot of the common man in the old and new provinces of the Kremlin empire.

The weakest point in the book is that it tries to cover too many things and therefore covers none of them thoroughly and well. What we need most at the present moment is a systematic study of the new Soviet imperialism as it operates abroad and the consequent structural changes which it introduces at home. Mr. Dallin treats both of these subjects and contributes many valuable insights on each but fails to make a thoroughgoing study of either. What is lacking is the sense of historical irony which might have prompted him to model his book on Lenin's famous brochure, "Imperialism: The Last Stage of Capitalism." Not only would that have strengthened the structure but it might even have provided a companionable title: "Imperialism: The Last Stage of Communism." For Lenin's Revolution, which began as an avowedly anti-imperialist revolution, has now swung full circle and produced the most aggressive imperialist power of our time and the largest empire of all time. While England was withdrawing

(Continued on page 40)

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

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Of Durability

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As a guest editorial this week* SRL *publishes the address delivered by Robert E. Sherwood, playwright and historian, on the occasion of the presentation of the National Book Awards on March 6 at the Hotel Commodore in New York City.*

LAST SUMMER I made a speech at the opening of the PEN Congress in Edinburgh, and my remarks provoked quite a bit of controversy at the time and subsequently [*SRL* Oct. 21, 1950]. I was frequently interrupted. One gentleman jumped to his feet and shouted that he had come there to listen to a discussion of the drama and not a lot of dirty American propaganda against the Soviet Union.

Among those present was the distinguished Scottish dramatist, the late and lamented James Bridie. I am afraid that Mr. Bridie—distracted perhaps by the heckling—did not pay very strict attention to what I said, for he later quoted me as having stated that all writers should write nothing but propaganda.

I can say stupid things as well as the next one—but I could not possibly have said anything quite as stupid as that. What I did say is that no sensitive writer of today can be unaware of the dreadful circumstances of the surrounding world. It is only natural for writers, like other people, to yearn for escape. But now we can find no ivory tower that is sufficiently strong and sufficiently remote to provide a safe refuge.

In this connection I should like to quote from one of the finest speeches I have ever read—the speech delivered by Bill Faulkner in Stockholm two months ago when he received the award of the Nobel Prize. He said:

> Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: when will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

Incidentally, if there is anyone here who has not read all of Mr. Faulkner's short speech I urge him to do so. It is required reading for anyone who is interested in writing or the publication thereof. The speech was printed in Bennett Cerf's TRADE WINDS in *The Saturday Review* for February 3.

I do not agree with Mr. Faulkner that "the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself." The dilemma of all writers, young or old, is in reconciling those problems of the human heart with a world state of mind that appears to become increasingly inhuman.

Some of the brutal, barbaric censorship which is imposed on writers and artists of all kinds in the Soviet Union is imposed on writers everywhere. There is certainly plenty of it in this country. It is imposed not by law—not by any arbitrary "theoreticians" in the White House or the Pentagon Building or even by Senator McCarthy; it is imposed by inward fear. It is not necessarily fear that at any moment we may all be fissioned. It is fear that all of our highest hopes and our deepest convictions may be subject to change without notice.

I believe it is no exaggeration to say that those of us who have lived through the first half of the twentieth century have seen more violent changes on the face of this earth than there were in all of the preceding fifty centuries of recorded history. The only pattern that we have known is one of unmitigated and unpredictable instability and turbulence.

The writer who is old enough has distant memories of tranquility, of the calm afterglow of the Victorian era—the calm that was forever shattered by the shots fired at Sarajevo. The young writer may have memories of the apparent tranquility of the 1920's, but he now knows how utterly phoney and deceptive and ultimately disillusioning that was. As Mr. Faulkner has said, we have known this fear—this instability, this awful uncertainty as to what the morrow may bring—we have known it so long that we can bear it.

Mr. Faulkner's career and the high honors that he has won and earned prove that we can do more than bear it, we can eventually conquer it and end it. Just as we have been sorely tried in this age, we have been greatly tested. I think that the way in which the human race has met that test is sufficient proof of its durability.

In a play that I wrote eleven years ago at the outbreak of the Second World War I quoted some words from the Epistles of St. Paul, and I should like to quote those words now: "We glory in tribulation; knowing that tribulation workest patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope."

I think that is sufficient text for any writer in the free world today.

—ROBERT E. SHERWOOD.

More Gold Medals

WILLIAM FAULKNER is accustomed to heavy spring rains and floods along the lower Mississippi, when the Negro farmers and sharecroppers abandon their shacks and take to the trees—where they cling like overripe fruit—along the gravel highway between Holly Springs and Oxford. Down in that part of Mississippi at this season it never rains but it pours. Faulkner is working in Hollywood just now, and he may well have thought of that old aphorism when he heard that the American publishing industry was about to present to him the gold medal of the National Book Award for "The Collected Stories of William Faulkner," published in 1950. As far as we are aware he had gathered in no decorations, awards, or laurel wreaths, except those handed out gratuitously by the critics, until last year when within a few months he was given the William Dean Howells Medal for fiction (by the American Institute of Arts and Letters) and the Nobel Prize in literature. Whether or not Mr. Howells turned over in his grave last year, Mr. Faulkner is now the recipient of three round chunks of fourteen-carat gold with citations. The readers of *SRL* must be aware of Faulkner's merit and of his lifelong devotion to the beliefs he expressed in his magnificent speech in Stockholm, "the old universal truths, lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice."

Certainly Newton Arvin's "Herman Melville" is the best general book ever published on the life of that remark-

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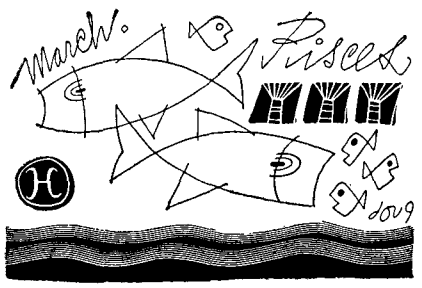

able man, who was so long neglected by Americans that the British critics had to come to his rescue in the Twenties. It was immediately labeled as the best critical biography of any American author, a superb exercise of critical scholarship, and an ornament to American letters. There were other first-rate non-fiction books published in 1950, but none seemed likely to become a classic in its particular field. The word non-fiction today embraces the whole world of warring opinions, but the conflicts in the nature of Herman Melville that Mr. Arvin reveals are eternal; they belong to all humanity.

The award in poetry was rightly given to Wallace Stevens, a man of seventy-two, who, strangely enough, has been the vice-president of a Hartford insurance company for the last seventeen years. Last year he received the Bollingen Prize for Poetry, now safely in charge of the Yale University Library, and this January the gold medal of the Poetry Society of America. Mr. Stevens is an esthete and an artist in words, who has said, "Poetry is my way of making the world palatable, a defense against the imminent tragedy in the air today."

A special citation was given by the judges to Brendan Gill for his first novel, "The Trouble of One House," a book that was selected by *The Saturday Review* (Feb. 17) among the ten best novels by new writers published during 1950. Mr. Gill is on the staff of *The New Yorker*. In "The Trouble of One House," which is centered around the long illness and death of a woman, he revealed a capacity for irony, insight into the loneliness of human beings, and an understanding of a woman's capacity to love.

There is a special merit to the National Book Awards since they represent the official recognition of the entire book business through the three pillars on which it stands, represented by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers Institute. In an industry whose individual units were once notorious for keeping their own counsel and going their own ways this second get-together of all of them for the purpose of giving awards to writers is an ingenious triumph. —H. S.

Bookmarks

OCCASIONALLY we venture into one of those melancholy repositories where remaindered books are dispensed. A study of the titles of remaindered books is always engaging but never instructive—one learns exactly nothing. A publisher issues certain titles in the absolute assurance that they will be huge successes and issues none in the conviction that it will be an utter failure. Yet even the successes can turn into failures. Most remainders are first (and only) editions. But occasionally in a remainder shop one comes upon such an anomaly as a fifth printing—a book that had just so much zing to it and no more, a book born with a pearl necklace around its neck, which suddenly and unaccountably turns up in a basket on somebody's doorstep. A remaindered book is an abandoned book, but like an abandoned child it usually finds a good home.

* * *

Note to copyreaders, radio commentators, after-dinner speakers, and whom else it may concern: *Troops* and *troopers* are not synonymous. All troopers are troops, but not all troops are troopers.

* * *

A California correspondent protests to us in approximately equal parts of sorrow and anger that reviews of novels give away too much of the story. The complaint probably goes back to the first review of the first novel—and so may the complaint by the novelist that novels get too little critical attention. Our own policy vis-à-vis reviews of fiction is to read only the last sentence of each review, wherein the reviewer usually sublimates his judgment; if we eventually read the novel we then go back and read the whole review and balance the account. In our opinion jacket-writers do at least as much plot-disclosing as reviewers and frequently more. They are canny enough not to give away dénouements, but they do even heavier damage at the other end of the story. For instance, if a jacket description begins: "Myrtle Minnick finds her life in Sioux City intolerable, caring for the clamorous wants of a gin-soaked father and six motherless brothers and sisters, and so she does what any young woman of spirit would do—runs away and loses herself in the Loop" you already have the first seven (or sixty-seven) pages of the story.

* * *

"Did you get any offers?" a girl asks a boy in David Walker's manhunt story, "The Storm and the Silence." She doesn't want to know whether he has got any bids on something he is trying to sell. The boy is fishing, and she is merely asking him if he has had any bites. The boy and girl, we neglected to mention, are Scots and he is working a brook (we mean a tarn) near Glasgow.

* * *

It is altogether a fitting capstone to Carl Van Doren's career that his last book was his gentle study of "Jane Mecom, The Favorite Sister of Benjamin Franklin." The book is a superb piece of spiritual reconstruction (the anthropologist building a whole man out of a fragment of a jawbone), a deft and charming delineation of an endearing character; and behind it all hovers the pervasive shadow of the big, the very big, brother. Nothing in Carl Van Doren's abundant literary life became him like the leaving it.

* * *

Can you have a rasher of anything besides bacon? —J. T. W.

Work in Progress

READERS may be able to assist the following, who are looking for material pertaining to their areas of investigation:

Professor George M. Gloss, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City 27, is writing a book on world peace through play as a form of non-verbalized communication and wishes studies, related literature, and photographs. . . . Harold K. Bank, *Record American*, Boston 6, Mass., is seeking letters, programs, pictures, and material of all kinds for a biography of Al Jolson. . . . Prof. J. W. Dees, University of Tampa, Tampa 6, Florida, is editing a book on abuses in mental hospitals and wishes clippings, personal experiences, etc. Guarantees full privacy. . . . Thomas L. Stix, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City 20, is editing a cartoon book on insurance (similar to his "Slightly Overdrawn" on banking) and would appreciate suggestions and examples.

Prof. Klaus W. Jonas, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J., is working on a bibliography, "Fifty Years of Thomas Mann Studies (1901-1950)," and asks for lists of articles and critical material from anyone who has published on Mann. . . . Mrs. Chester Woodward, 1272 Fillmore St., Topeka, Kansas, is working with the Colonial Dames of America on restoration of the home of George Mason, author of Virginia Declaration of Rights, and asks for authentic information to assist restoration.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Wanted: Newscasts for Housewives

SIR: The USA is not paying enough of the right kind of attention to its women. What do the radio networks give them during their leisure hours in the afternoons? Guff mostly. There is no major newscaster, for instance, on any network giving the women of the USA news coverage and/or commentary even fifteen minutes long. If a woman searches she can find a five-minute one; but fifteen minutes, no! Not at least any I have been able to find.

Maybe it's a problem of EST, CST, MST, and PST. Only I don't think so. Even so it's a thing that could be worked out if the powers-that-be thought it important, which they don't. A woman's work hours (I'm talking only about the mass of women in the home, whose sons seem always to get in a war some time or other) are elastic in one way: mostly she has a breathing-space in the afternoon, EST, CST, MST, or PST. Here in CST the important newscasts come smack-dab when I ought to be either getting dinner on the table or washing the dishes. (I do wish, incidentally, that New York people awoke to the fact that a formidable and—who knows?—vital segment of the USA lies west of EST.) What do I do? The family goes hang. No decent dinner, by gourmet standards, and no dishes till I'm ready to tackle them, which is either midnight or next morning.

It's a man's world.

ORAH COLE BRISCOE.

Bloomington, Ind.

Disillusionment with the Slicks

SIR: Margaret Cousins's "Combing the Haystack" [*SRL* Feb. 17] was very informative, interesting, and to some extent helpful.

One part of it, though, was downright puzzling. She says that her magazine goes out of its way to search for new writers at conferences, country crossroads, etc. I don't doubt it. But here's the part I don't get. When an author sends a story to *Good Housekeeping*, as I did, and gets it back exactly four days later with a rejection slip from *Cosmopolitan*, what is that author to think? That the story was read? In four days—going and coming time? Hardly! I never could figure it out. Perhaps Miss Cousins would explain.

It's a tough enough racket—the breaking in—but I don't mind that. I expect that something so much worth having, in the final analysis, merits the disillusionment. But when you know your stuff isn't even read it's rather hard to take a bland article like Miss Cousins's.

RUTH ALTMAN MEYERS.

Union, N. J.

Irresponsible Freedom

SIR: In your review of the censored "Oliver Twist" [*SRL* Jan. 27] you touch upon the principle involved in this issue. It is your reviewer's contention that the censorship of this movie is in conflict with our democratic principles. But there are limitations even to freedom of speech. A picture indirectly preaching racism and given over to prejudices that we are fighting hard to conquer certainly does not fall under one of the four freedoms. It is not the "arbitrariness" of the censors that I find fault with; it is the irresponsibility to which liberalism has carried some of us.

THEODORE KERNER.

San Francisco, Calif.

"What we're looking for is something fresh and original that will conform to our formula."

In Emerson's Shadow

SIR: Thank you for printing John Mason Brown's moving account of Meyerhold [*SRL* Feb. 10]. How differently, how grimly today rings Emerson's once romantic statement: "Whoso would be a *man* must be a non-conformist."

WILSON O. CLOUGH.

Laramie, Wyo.

Too Active Blue Pencil

SIR: The "omissions" in my article on the H. W. Wilson Company that were noted by your correspondents [LETTERS, *SRL* Feb. 24] came about through *SRL*'s own editorial cutting. The original manuscript of "Giant of Bibliographers" [*SRL* Feb. 3] included this paragraph, though—I regret—it did not appear in print:

> Though Wilson has tried to index all magazines of high reference value, during the past decade at least a dozen have grown in importance but are still not indexed. According to a forthcoming Society of Magazine Writers study these include *McCall's, Look, This Week, True, Today's Woman, Redbook, Cosmopolitan, Country Gentleman, American Legion, Pageant, Mademoiselle, Maclean's*, and *Steelways*. "The only way we can include them," insists Wilson, "is for librarians to vote them in on our next ballot." But considerable dissatisfaction about the "infrequent and incomplete" Wilson balloting methods persists among librarians, editors, and writers.

JACK HARRISON POLLACK.

Southport, Conn.

New Symbols for Old Mysteries

SIR: Liston Pope's "Man Is the Measure" [*SRL* Feb. 10] merely repeats the confused musing of many clerical writers who show an utter unawareness that the realm of Faith and the realm of Belief are semantically two different realms.

It isn't that thinking people at this mid-century have lost Faith. They have reoriented their Belief. It is not the "clay feet of Science the Savior" that have been exposed. It is the clay feet of a Science of a Saviour as still taught in divinity schools.

Mr. Pope is, of course, dead right when he says that "man's problem . . . is himself." That idea is older than Plato. No wonder Mr. Pope feels frustrated. Clerically conditioned men, both preachers and professors, are slowly talking themselves out of existence. They have acquired a vast vocabulary without having developed any particular effective technique of doing anything about present-day social problems. They still operate with such symbols as sin and soul and salvation. New words are taking the place of old ones, words free from clerical connotation, words that deal with the same problems of human

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behavior but with less medical, historical, social, and religious superstition. Only the symbols have changed. The mystery still remains.

JOHN J. KESSLER.

St. Louis, Mo.

Ban and Boost

SIR: Boosting sales by banning books, the subject of a recent *SRL* cartoon [*SRL* Feb. 10], is an old joke in Spain. I just came across the following verse written by Felix Maria Samaniego criticizing his rival Tomás de Iriarte. Both poets flourished in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

Tus obras, Tomás, no son
Ni buscadas ni leídas,
Ni tendrán estimación
Aunque sean prohibidas
Por la santa Inquisición.

Unpoetically translated the verse can be rendered as:

Neither sought after nor read
Are your works, Thomas,
And they'll not gain prestige
Even if banned
By the Holy Inquisition.

DOROTHY CLOTELLE CLARKE.

El Cerrito, Calif.

Shavians of America

SIR: I believe that your readers will be interested in knowing of the existence and activities of the recently organized Shaw Society of America.

The Shaw Society of America was founded on Bernard Shaw's ninety-fourth birthday, July 26, 1950, in New York City. The object of the Society is: "To study and interpret George Bernard Shaw's writings, work, and personality; to make him more widely understood and appreciated and to provide a meeting ground for those who admire and respect the man."

Though there are Shaw Societies in many other countries, the Shaw Society of America has the singular distinction of being the first (and the last) whose founding provoked a personal greeting from GBS. In it he said: "The list of the illustrious names on the foundation committee of the American Shaw Society is so staggering that I am at a loss how to comment on it or exult in it without a gross self-complacency foreign to my very diffident nature. . . . The utmost I can claim for myself in my best days is that I was one of the hundred best playwrights in the world. . . ."

Anyone interested in the Society and desiring further information may receive details by addressing an inquiry to me.

WILLIAM D. CHASE,
Secretary.

P.O. Box 871,
Flint 1, Mich.

Fiction. *Arthur Koestler has set the pattern for anti-Russian novels by those who abjured Communism ten or so years ago. The latest of these comes from France—"The Burned Bramble," by Manès Sperber, a recital of impassioned enthusiasm of Central European and Balkan Communists for the Cause and their later cruel disillusionment and sense of loss. Helen MacInnes's "Neither Five Nor Three" develops the frightening theme that the editorial offices of our magazines have been infiltrated by Communist propagandists. Also reviewed this week is Frank Swinnerton's "A Flower for Catherine," the story of a faithful wife who discovers that her husband is the father of the illegitimate girl they have adopted. James Hilton's Hollywood novel "Morning Journey" is disappointing, and Nevil Shute comes a cropper in a tale about an Englishman turned mystic.*

The Challenges of Love

A FLOWER FOR CATHERINE. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Doubleday & Co. 278 pp. $3.

By CHARLES LEE

FRANK SWINNERTON'S twenty-seventh novel ought to make for some tempestuous conversation over the teacups. A domestic drama, urbanely if not memorably contrived by one of England's most dependable storytellers, it is a book certain to arouse passions as well as discussion, raise temperatures along with some doubts, bring misgivings along with its challenges. Mr. Swinnerton's flower bears thorns as well as bloom.

At the center of the story is Catherine Barter. She is forty-five, proud of her son, and adores her husband. She runs a good household, accepts the current "austerities" with patient good humor, and is altogether something of a Mrs. Miniver in both competency and content. Yet as we meet her she is oppressed by a sense of unease, an inexplicable fear that is not diminished by an oddly disturbing telephone call from her husband, Bob, and a visit from her sophisticated sister Madeleine, a shrewdly knowing author, who when she adds two and two "was immediately in the thousands."

After a slow beginning, in which the reader is introduced to too many characters to keep straight (it proves unimportant to try to), the story picks up in speed and tension. Catherine is subjected to three successive shocks. She discovers that her "half angel" sister Celia, a beautiful and enigmatic solitary, has come to a mysteriously accidental death. She discovers that Celia has left an illegitimate child behind her in a private school. After taking the child and falling in love with her Catherine discovers that the child's father is Bob.

From this point the novel becomes basically an examination of the mind and conscience and emotions of the betrayed wife and mother. Mr. Swinnerton makes Catherine's crushing disillusionment a thing of moving emotional impact. He catches her sickening dismay, her shocked sensibilities, her many-edged grief with poignant understanding. With equal skill he makes come alive her adult powers of self-confrontation, her sense of personal responsibility, and her fine capacity for love.

"A Flower for Catherine" has about it the candor of actuality. Madeleine's flippant sententiousness is more glittering than the talk in Everyman's house, and the problems Catherine is forced to face are more than commonly dramatic, yet the fundamental tasks—fearless self-analysis, subjection of egotism, compassionate resiliency, emotional awareness—all are challenges that love must meet and subdue.

Catherine, one guesses, will stir many a mind. Some will shed tears over her, some their adolescence; some will grieve and some will grow. In giving her a flower Mr. Swinnerton has earned an orchid for himself.

Charles Lee is author of "Almanac of Reading" and editor of "Snow, Ice, and Penguins: A Cavalcade of Antarctic Adventure."

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Death for a Tyrant?

THE CARAVAN PASSES. By George Tabori. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 304 *pp.* $3.

By Vance Bourjaily

GEORGE TABORI'S fourth novel is a rich and violent book, a book of trenchant ideas, stormy action, and urgently human beings. This is to say that Tabori thinks provocatively, writes strong narrative, and has the indispensable gift which makes a novelist good: everyone on whom his writing touches, be it only for a paragraph, comes to life.

The book has two heroes who never meet. One is Francis Varga, a ship's doctor who is a voluntary exile from the demands of ethical and political decision. The second hero is an Arab revolutionary named Marouf, whose exile is involuntary and who returns from it against heavy odds to become immersed in the same problems which Varga seeks to avoid.

When Varga's ship arrives at Port Aarif, principal city of an Arab state, the doctor is called ashore to operate on El Bekaa, the local tyrant. The populace, of whom Marouf is the leader, prays for El Bekaa's death. Thus the question is posed: shall Varga respect the sanctity of the patient-doctor relationship? Or shall he by a twist of the scalpel aid the cause of liberty?

It is a minor failure of the book that this dilemma exists for the reader but not for the doctor. The only appeals which reach Varga are bribe offers by the selfish and the vengeful; the voice of general suffering speaks a language which he does not understand.

Another more substantial failure is one of construction. During half the book we follow Varga, the officials, the neurotic Europeans; their story concluded we go back and follow Marouf and the lesser members of the populace over the same events. There may be a gain in irony, and it is possible, too, that the author wished by this method to emphasize the great distance between the viewpoints of the handful in command and the multitude commanded. But the method is a synthetic one, weakening the effect of organism. Instead of plot and counterplot building to a double climax in a big book we are presented with two circumstantially connected, slighter books. But that both have strength is proof of Tabori's enormous ability.

Tabori's control of English, a language to which he wasn't bred, is superb. He handles it with the unlabored eloquence and reckless accuracy of a poet. Varga's death, to pick an example, is as lovely and shocking a prose description as has come along in some time.

The breadth and depth of the author's understanding match his ability to express it. There is a beggar who lets the shoeshine boys polish his bare feet; his hunger for love is as compelling as that of the half-sane international whore who follows Varga ashore. There is a quiet Arab priest whose uneasiness touches us familiarly. There is a guided tour of a date plantation, as memorable as the unspeakable death of El Bekaa's daughter.

Tabori believes that mass-will moves towards justice. He denies that Western progress has much to offer Arab life. He has a strong sense of the power of the accidental—"Of those who plot," he quotes an Eastern proverb, "God is best." He treats sex as a powerful instrument of wounding and healing but not an all-powerful one. He tries to show that "every life that [is] not saintly . . . is, in fact, criminal." These and a dozen other well-defended concepts may be found in or deduced from "The Caravan Passes."

Of the people writing seriously today George Tabori is very much a man to watch. He's very much a man to read, too.

Vance Bourjaily is the author of "The End of My Life," a novel.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 404

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 404 will be found in the next issue.

KA CX BGKNADK MARX

AZ KNX KNGLFM HAD

BULK GM UL

GLOGMSXLMUCPX SUTK

AZ NUSSGLXMM.

—CXTKTULO TDMMXPP.

Answer to Crypt No. 403

Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue.

—Bulwer-Lytton.

Jump into Nothingness

THE BURNED BRAMBLE. By Manès Sperber. Translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon. New York: Doubleday & Co. 405 *pp.* $3.95.

By Robert Pick

ANTI-COMMUNIST—or more correctly anti-Stalinist—fiction has become as firmly established a literary genre by now as was the anti-Nazi novel of a decade ago. But while the latter without exception was written by people who from the first had despised and hated Hitler (and/or had been despised and hated by him from the first), the authors of anti-Communist stories are all former Communists or fellow travelers.

Their firsthand experience works both as an advantage and a drawback. The advantage is obvious even beyond the detailed inside knowledge at the disposal of these writers. The great drawback of their work is caused by the fact that none of them has ever really recovered from the blow dealt his own political dreams. Their discovery of Stalin's Russia being the "poisonous parody of [Socialism's] own truth" has filled them with a bitter sense of years misspent, so strong that it overshadows their account of the earlier trust and the longing of their characters. The protagonist of the typical anti-Communist novel is presented shortly before or shortly after his becoming disillusioned. The story of his illusions is permeated with the author's own better later knowledge. Ex-Communists, as a verbose character of the present book puts it, are men who "jumped into nothingness"; no wonder that what they tell from times antedating that "jump" is so truncated.

In that one respect Manès Sperber succeeds where his betters failed. He too shows darkness at noon—though what skill he has certainly cannot be likened to the great power of Koestler—but before showing you darkness he makes you feel the air of what once looked like dawn to him and his comrades. That remarkable achievement may be due to the primitivity of this author's technique and its directness.

At any rate you cannot help feeling compassion for the scattered group of German, Austrian, and Yugoslav Party members who are the heroes of his narrative. You cannot help siding with them in their fight against the police terror of King Alexander's Yugoslavia, the muddled authoritarianism of Schuschnigg's Austria, and the unabashed sadism of the Gestapo. The *Spartakus* veteran and leader of German Communist Labor, who is the novel's central figure, will for all his

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ruthlessness command your respect long before he arouses your pity. In reading about the enthusiasm, the singleness of purpose, the courage, and the cunning of those Comintern-controlled revolutionaries in the early and middle 1930's you may grow forgetful of the old truth that "evil means start by corrupting good ends."

In short this new author manages to convey to you, unalloyed by the wisdom of later events, the full fervor of Central and Southeastern European Communists of that period. This is why the awakening of his characters to the real nature of Communism in power comes to you, as a reader, with the full impact of the blow which in 1937 struck Sperber and his comrades.

Polish-born, a trained psychologist who has lived in Vienna, Dalmatia, and Berlin, he broke in 1937 with the Party. He lived in Paris afterwards and volunteered for the French Army in 1939, somehow survived the Nazi occupation of France, and later worked for Malraux's propaganda office.

He is not a novelist of distinction. The sheer quantity of what he feels he must say nearly destroys his book. He jumps from one character to another without keeping the threads in hand. He introduces the figure of an aged, well-born Austrian scholar and humanist, who for pages and pages keeps lecturing and musing and bickering about the follies of history—a shopworn device if ever there was one. Also, the novel is much too long.

Curiously, M. Sperber's women characters are rather impressive. Through them the withering of human relationships among Party workers becomes tragically visible and in a way symbolic of that shadowy world where men and women "[hide] the fraud with lies [so that] the lies become truth and the fraud will be fraud no longer."

—*Harcourt.*

Manès Sperber—"what looked like dawn."

Queensberry Rules in Algiers

THE NICE AMERICAN. By Gerald Sykes. New York: Creative Age Press. 310 *pp.* $3.

By JOHN BROOKS

THE "nice American" of Mr. Sykes's first novel is an engineer by profession, a Southerner by birth, a liberal by temperament, a photographer by avocation, and a temporary colonel by Act of Congress. He is stationed in Algiers in 1945, dividing his time between administering the American military post there and trying to make up his mind between his American ex-wife and his present girl, the wife of a French official. He earns the epithet "nice" from the French and Arabs because his interests extend beyond Coca-Cola and washing machines, his reading beyond comic books—because, that is, he violates the local opinions about what an American ought to be.

The colonel, whose name is Harlan Childress, is first presented in a prologue in which the author optimistically remarks of his story that "nothing could have been more human . . . it was indeed a classic drama." There is little in what follows to justify these statements. The colonel dickers with an Arab who wants to get his son to America; he writes in his diary; he argues with a French intellectual; he takes a visiting isolationist Senator on a tour of the local red-light district and then defies the Senator's efforts to make political capital of some local riots. Meanwhile his ex-wife, Mollie, a Red Cross girl with political ambitions and a vast liking for having her own way—if she can only figure out what it is—arrives from Paris. Her arrival throws Harlan, a vacillating soul when it comes to women, into a frenzy of indecision as to whether he should remarry Mollie or leave her permanently for the French girl, Jeanne, a far more tractable and less ambitious sort of lady.

The long conversations between Harlan and certain Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Arabs, plus a dust-jacket quotation by Christopher Isherwood, would seem to indicate that Mr. Sykes to some extent intended his characters to be allegorical figures of their respective countries or at least to speak for the intelligent people of those countries. If such was the author's intent he has not achieved it very well, for the very successful yet sensitive and vulnerable Colonel Childress is scarcely characteristic of even intellectual Americans. More importantly, in spite of his colloquies with his local friends, the colonel's real concern is not his attitude toward the French, the English, or the world at large, but his attitude toward Mollie.

—*Hans Namuth.*

Gerald Sykes—"enthusiastic commentator."

So what we have here after the unfortunate pretensions have been stripped away is neither a classic drama nor an international allegory but several extremely lively rounds in the battle of the sexes, with the city of Algiers serving as an exotic prize ring. The contestants are pretty evenly matched; Harlan, being a Southern gentleman, is hampered by a tendency to adhere to the Queensberry rules, while Mollie knows no rules whatsoever and is hampered only by the fact that she does not really quite want to win.

The first round begins right at the airport where Mollie arrives and continues in a jeep on the way to town. Subsequent rounds are contested in Harlan's bedroom at his seaside villa, on the beach, at a dinner he gives for the visiting Senator, and on a balcony overlooking the Mediterranean. The last round takes place at the airport again. Harlan is dreadfully damaged in some of these exchanges, as Mollie's punches draw the claret, but he always comes back fighting gamely. In fact, it is the great energy and variety of attack shown by both fighters that makes the encounter continuously interesting and never monotonous. Mr. Sykes serves as an enthusiastic and resourceful commentator. As to the eventual winner, probably no one needs to be told at this point; suffice to say that without much question the superior contestant emerges victoriously.

John Brooks, New Yorker staff member, is author of "The Big Wheel."

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Never-Never Land

MORNING JOURNEY. By James Hilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 345 pp. $3.

By EDWARD J. FITZGERALD

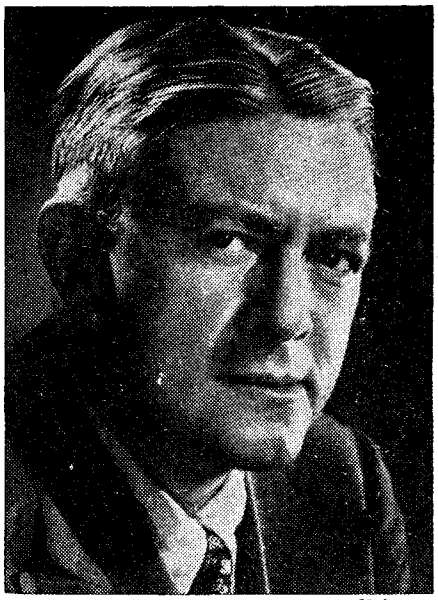
THE PRINCE and the princess of the fairy tales have their modern counterparts in the glamorous personalities of our stage and screen. What are they like? What makes them tick, these fabulous creatures who move against exotic and glittering settings, endowed with beauty and wit and wisdom, invested with wealth? What do they do behind the scenes or off the stage? Especially, what is their love life like? Are they happy?

The answers come from many sides. The gossip columnist is full of hints; the fan magazines take us into their kitchens; and season after season one novelist of repute or another undertakes to transport us into that never-never land which is the off-stage life of the most brilliant star of stage or screen or of the director who is the unparalleled genius. This season James Hilton, who has not only worked long and hard in Hollywood but who also created the ultimate in never-never lands—Shangri-La—has taken on the task of a backstage novel. I am surprised to have to report that though he writes in his usual skilful, persuasive style, working with materials generally considered sure-fire, Mr. Hilton has come a major cropper. "Morning Journey" is a long, sprawling, disjointed, and dull novel.

The materials are all there. Paul Saffron is the epitome of the directorial genius. He is brilliant, eccentric, imbued with high artistic purpose and a scorn for the crass commercialism of Hollywood. He works himself and his actors to that pitch of exhaustion at which—in novels—they turn in a performance that has the audiences climbing onto the stage in enthusiasm. And he is, above all, moody and arrogant.

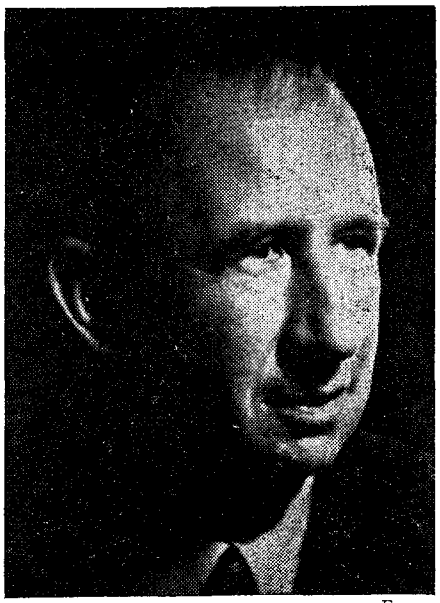
Then there is Carey Arundel, with the beauty that grows with maturity, a voice that gives, I quote, "a command performance," a talent that becomes incandescent under the aegis of Paul's direction. Behind the bright façade of success, underneath the million-dollar minks she is that darling beloved of all audiences, a simple, warm-hearted, compassionate girl, who sees, understands, and forgives all of Paul's weaknesses and failings.

Settings? Mr. Hilton provides Ireland and the Abbey Theatre; London and the West End; the Continent; Broadway, Twenty-One, Central Park, and Bucks County or its equivalent; Hollywood Boulevard and the Brown Derby and intimate glimpses into the makings of a motion picture.



—*Halsman.*

James Hilton—"it doesn't jell."



—*Fayer.*

Nevil Shute—"a pious editorial."

Strangely, it doesn't jell. I think the reason is that Mr. Hilton never really accepts the shopworn quality of his basic material. A careful craftsman, he has supplied all his characters with names and addresses, birthplaces, backgrounds, and conversation. But he has failed to bring them alive as the human beings he obviously intended them to be. And he has failed also—probably because of his own literary standards—to meet the less demanding requirements of those moviegoers who would be content if he put his cardboard figures into more tinselly costumes and made them move faster. The movie version of this will probably correct that latter fault but will scarcely comfort those who appreciate Mr. Hilton's more solid qualities.

Exploring Holy Ground

ROUND THE BEND. By Nevil Shute. New York: William Morrow & Co. 341 pp. $3.50.

By JAMES GRAY

ANGLO-SAXON writers, I'm afraid, don't have much luck with saints. Somerset Maugham undertook to recreate in "The Razor's Edge" something of the external life of a man of God; the result, though it was undoubtedly profitable as an item in the book trade, was quite unrewarding as a contribution to the literature of mysticism. In "Round the Bend" Nevil Shute has explored holy ground in a way that can be described only as brash. His affinity with otherworldliness is quite as feeble and faltering as was Maugham's.

One is asked to believe in this novel that two young men who have met first in England as apprentices and part-time comic performers in a flying circus come together again after the Second World War in the East, where one had set himself up in business as head of a transport company of the air and the other is making a small start toward eternal life as a divine seer. It is not at all difficult to believe in the reality of Tom Cutter, the energetic man with a compulsive desire for success which enables him to be amiably ruthless in exploiting cheap labor. Mr. Shute has made many popular books out of his convenient gift for adapting the interests and crises of our time to the needs of readable fiction. Tom Cutter's project of putting flying trucks into the air to further the development of commercial interests in the wide stretch of the Persian Gulf region is bold and imaginative.

But Constantine Shak Lin is quite a different sort of figure. Born of a Russian mother and a Chinese father, he would seem to be designed for romance of some kind. Feeling that this has been established, Mr. Shute launches him upon his ministry to all the simple men yearning after faith within the sound of his voice or the rumor of his reputation. What Connie (as his creator persists in calling him) actually does is to gather men about him in the airplane hangar where he works as Tom Cutter's chief engineer and to preach to them that work is worship. Work is also prayer, for if one tightens the bolt and guards the gadget always in complete awareness of one's duty to God benediction will descend.

With this somewhat rudimentary doctrine Connie captures the imagination of all the East. Buddhists and

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Moslems kneel at his feet; rich and powerful men make flying pilgrimages to his shrine; he is mildly persecuted by government officials foolishly afraid of race conflicts among his followers. Little else happens. The saint dies of leukemia, but his cult goes marching on. That is all.

Mr. Shute might well retort that the personal history of all great religious teachers is meager. But that is not the point. One would not mind the lack of liveliness in the effort to re-create the external life of the saint if his inner life in all its richness somehow could be evoked. That is precisely where the novelist has failed. His Connie is nothing but a pious editorial and a vague, sweet smile.

In the end Mr. Shute suggests that his book must be considered as part of the authentic literature of a new faith. As holy writ its one advantage is that of being over no one's head. Says the saint's sister (who has unfortunately been obliged to spend part of her life in America): "I thought he was just nuts about religion." The apostle Tom puts the question concerning Connie's followers: "They haven't been doing any worshiping, have they? Not like as if he was a God?"

In Mr. Shute's language to go round the bend is to depart voluntarily from the realm of reality to go wooing the wonders and beauties of mysticism. But to tell the truth Mr. Shute hasn't gone round the bend; he hasn't even got a single peep around it.

The Magnet that Corrupts

NEITHER FIVE NOR THREE. By Helen MacInnes. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 340 pp. $3.

By Edmund Fuller

IT WOULD be fun to write a review of this book such as it might have received in any "liberal" medium had it appeared in the "united-front" days as a prophetic, 1948-ish kind of yarn. All liberals would have read into it Fascist tendencies, recoiling from its "gross absurdities and vicious exaggerations." Oh, surely, it was permitted to write about people with the mental processes and tactical methods of the Communists whom Helen MacInnes portrays here—but only when they were called Fascists or Nazis.

Since then we have had the Hiss and Remington trials, which, even had the verdicts been different, revealed an appalling skein. And we have had Dr. Klaus Fuchs and Gerhardt Eisler in fact and Rubashov in fiction. So the story of American Communist machinations, to which Miss MacInnes now brings her mastery of suspenseful narrative, is well timed for its market.

It is good, exciting reading; it arouses incredulity and then resolves it into acceptance. Obviously it cannot be and does not pretend to be *all* about the Party, nor can it depict all the ways in which the Party works. But it shows certain of its operations; and if it may exaggerate a detail here, perhaps it understates one there, considering the diverse activities of that protean organization.

People who had any experience in "liberal, left-wing, intellectual" circles,. especially in the Thirties and early Forties and particularly the generation that was maturing (or trying to) in the late Thirties, will recognize the patterns. Few of them ever got in as deep as the depths of this story. That misfortune was reserved for those who were to become tragically compromised or corrupted, of which ranks Whittaker Chambers, Alger Hiss, and William Remington are only the more spectacular examples.

Paul Haydn, brilliant magazine editor, returns from Intelligence work in Berlin and finds himself battering at a sinister but subtle Red conspiracy at home. He watches his former fiancée, Rona Metford, become ever more entangled by the dangerously weak Scott Ettley, who easily could have become the principal in such a proceeding as the Remington trial. Nicholas Orpen, well-drawn, is an authentic Communist magnet for eager, idealistic college students.

In building her material to the smashing, tight climax demanded in this narrative genre Miss MacInnes almost inevitably makes too neat a package for the importance and complexity of the subject. She succeeds in suggesting the baffling shadow-battle that such a fight against Communist operations can appear to be, yet the ultimate effect is of lines too clear cut. The agencies and methods of the fight are too reassuringly effective, temperate, wise, and virtuous. Would it were so. If some now deplore that Communists were our allies in part of the war against Hitler let them remember that we have allies against Communism here at home who would prove no more trustworthy friends and lovers of the authentic democratic tradition.

Whereas it draws the Party sycophants sharply, the story fails to show the smokescreens and confusions that ignorant and irresponsible anti-Communism stirs up continually to impede the real truth and to harass independent thought. It would be hard to do so within the bounds of tight, action narrative, so I will call this the book's limitation rather than its fault. Her anti-Communist phalanx may give some of us just a faint disquiet, but Miss MacInnes will sharpen the understanding of some readers and grip the attention of all.

"No wonder it wouldn't draw!"

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Fiction Notes

THE STORM CLOUD. By Lettie Rogers. Random House. $3. This novel of revolution in the China of 1927 centers upon an interesting and complex struggle in the mind of its heroine. Leila, the American-educated daughter of Old Koo, a reactionary provincial magnate, has taken up the people's cause. Although scheduled for execution by counter-revolutionists, she is saved against her will by her father. From then on she is pulled in conflicting directions. She feels disgraced at not having achieved political martyrdom but realizes that the time has passed when her execution would be useful to the people. Furthermore she knows that her death would actually suit her mother, whose wish to punish her for disgracing the house of Koo is a sample of the matriarchal dominance against which she is in revolt. Finally a slowly developing sense of her individuality, the effect of suddenly falling in love, makes her wonder whether her political convictions were ever very deeply grounded and whether she had not better ignore both family and political considerations for a personal life.

In "The Storm Cloud," her second novel, Lettie Rogers writes with irony and skill of Chinese family complexities. She shows clearly, too, the way in which both progressive and reactionary movements in China are inextricably bound up with non-political issues. One could wish, however, that the inner lives of her two main characters had been more fully presented and that the ending were less melodramatic. —DOROTHY KOCH BESTOR.

NEVER GIVE THE HEART. By Ann Willets. Random House. $3. Judging by this novel the rich and privileged classes have their problems, too. Between drinking parties, country club dances, rounds of golf, and tennis matches they sit around and brood about lost loves and misspent lives. One of the most serious brooders is Anton Nichols, whose socially impeccable marriage to Chapin Nichols leaves her restless and unfulfilled. Her efforts to recapture the non-conformist Rufus Sprague, with whom she had enjoyed a prewar fling in Florence, prove futile. After the outraged Chapin tells her to "go chase your illusions" she runs off to Paris, where she means to paint and to recover the high purpose she has lost. But she discovers that you can't go back again, that the Americans haunting the lobby and cocktail bar of the Ritz Hotel are as bored and vacant as the suburban sybarites she has tried to escape.

Of all the tired, meaningless people in this novel the most sympathetic is Muffy Sprague, whom a tragic accident converts from a heartless femme fatale to a compassionate, loving woman. It is Muffy's example that brings final self-realization to Anton.

Ann Willets, the personable young author whose photograph decorates the dust jacket, grew up in the country-club set and writes with real understanding of its mores. She has produced a disturbing novel. It mirrors the boredom and aimlessness of one segment of society. If the wealthy and privileged can find no meaning in their lives, what of the under-privileged whose hopelessness has even deeper and more valid roots?

—RAY PIERRE.

LINDEN ROAD. By Miriam Bruce. Harper. $3. Hagar Tobias of Linden Road was never of the sorry band of Jews who exile themselves with passion and inferiority. She was too mannered and superior to have condoned the disorder that such escape implies. When at seventeen she was not invited to a party on her exclusive block she grew scornful. She ignored the old people, the proofs of her origin, who moved heavily across the front lawn on their Sunday visits. She was civil, and only that, to her mother who could not fit and would not pretend. She listened only to Nanny who taught her only propriety and disdain, who whispered, "People will never guess to look at you. You could be one of us." And Hagar believed it, although she knew she had her grandmother's eyes.

Hagar's mother left Linden Road to marry a simple Jewish merchant, and Hagar knew that it was now suitable for her to leave too. She determined to forget everyone from the past except Richard, her cousin and her lover, who had gone to England to escape his heritage. Hagar went to Colorado, to California, and then with the Red Cross to Australia and Italy. She met and worked with the people who were not from Linden Road, and she was accepted as a gentile but not as a friend. Confused and tormented, she began to be haunted by the homeless, poverty-stricken children who lingered, with their mouse faces and large eyes, around the Post. Even when Richard came back to her, snobbish and secure in his deceit, she continued to feel an uneasiness. It was only when she realized her identity as a Jew and felt needed because of it that she found any meaning to her life and her past.

Miss Bruce writes with sensitivity and intelligence and with a fine compassion for her characters. She describes the terrible baldness of Jewish inferiority with gentleness. She gives warmth and dimension to the simpler

characters, the prototypes, the signposts in Hagar's jungle. If Hagar herself grows parched and immobile it is because an orderly network of adult problems does not appear to grow out of her childhood symptoms. A certain womanliness and vigor is denied her, and she becomes much like a solitary funicular, moving with little surprise and temptation. Still, her lone problem is very real and the more urgent and believable because Miss Bruce has so clearly avoided the clichés and stereotypes which we have come to expect in a book about the Jewish problem.

—MADELON SHAPIRO.

BATES HOUSE. By Clarence Benadum. Greenberg. $3. This is a rare piece of historical fiction in that it is an unhappy book in every respect. Its plot and characters were unhappily conceived and unhappily executed. Its time, that of the Civil War, is the most unhappy in our history. Even its ending is unhappy—for its principals as well as for its readers. The author, an Indiana attorney, has not made a promising start in his new career.

From the beginning the reader is distracted by an awkward storytelling style. Unnecessary minor characters are introduced in numerous scenes for local color, but their voices ring false notes. However, they are less superficial than the story's major characters, Northerner David Stone and Southerners Margaret Manning and Arthur McCord, who utter preposterous speeches about love, loyalty, war, and politics while hopping back and forth across the Mason-Dixon Line. Margaret's escapades and her noble suitors' exploits seem senseless against a background of bloodshed and misery. One reads on, in vain awaiting a moment of suspense that may capture the imagination. The total contribution of these preachifying puppets is the singular belief that Lincoln and Jeff Davis inveigled the people into war to satisfy their own evil ambitions. Those who wish to read Civil War literature will find more worthwhile books in their libraries. —JOSEPH M. GRANT.

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Seeing Things

HURRY! HURRY!

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The following was written when it had been announced that "Billy Budd" was to close on March 3. The good news is that, due to the courage of the management, the cooperation of the cast in taking temporary cuts, and the last-minute enthusiasm shown by the public, this dramatization of Melville's novel has been guaranteed at least a two-week reprieve. The public in this instance is fortunate in having that second chance so rarely enjoyed in life. The review which follows may be written in the past tense, but my every hope is that this notable production will last long into the future.*

—J. M. B.

IT HAS been rumored over the centuries that actors are not opposed to having audiences. Why should they be? They are not alone in wanting them, nor are dramatists, designers, managers, "angels," and theatre owners the only ones who share this taste. Playgoers also like audiences. They are happiest in jammed auditoriums. No heat produced by coal, oil, or wood is more warming than that generated by the approval and expectancy which a crowded house signifies. The fact that every seat is taken, that the boxes bulge, and that standees are plentiful means that each person present must count himself lucky to be present at all. But a theatre a third or a fourth filled is quite a different matter. It is a lonely place. Dispiriting, too. It has a ghostly look. Even before the house lights are dimmed its rows of unoccupied seats resemble tombstones for hopes which have died.

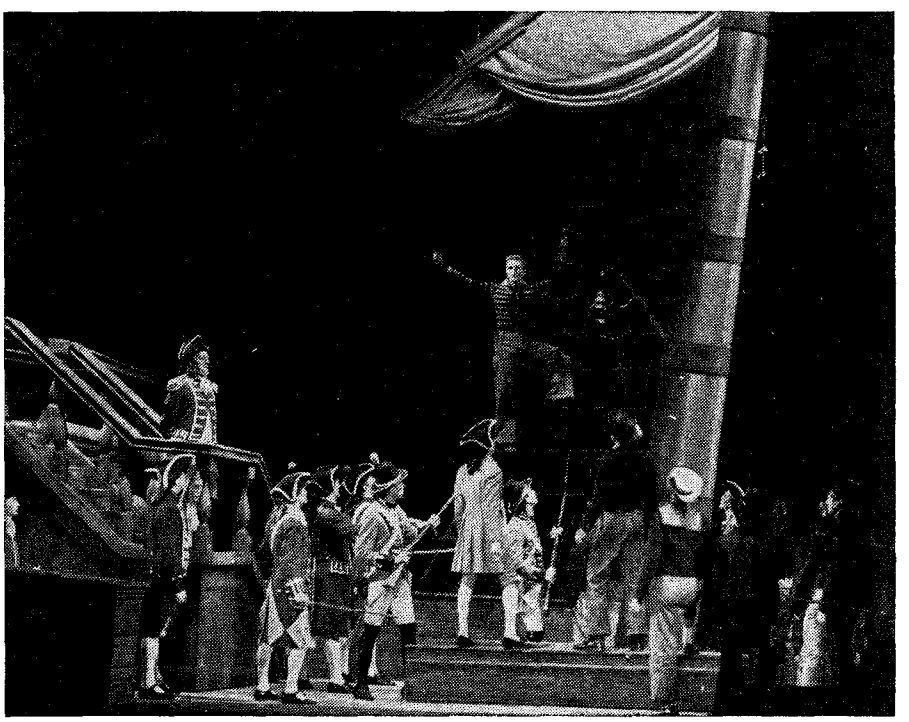
I mention the cheerlessness of a sparsely populated playhouse because late in its short run I had the chilling experience of seeing "Billy Budd"* acted before a handful of people. The smallness of the audience would have been depressing under any circumstances. In the case of this dramatization of Herman Melville's novel it was the more discouraging because here was a play and a production which, on the basis of interest and merit, should have had them "hanging from the rafters." It had everything in its favor—except the public which for the three lean weeks of its run stayed away from it in droves.

I used to subscribe wholeheartedly to Emerson's mousetrap theory. But the fact that so few people beat a path to the theatre where "Billy Budd" was playing forces me to question it. The failure of "Billy Budd" dislodges another favorite assumption of mine. For years I have believed that a really good play can in the vast majority of cases live down bad notices. Here, however, was a really good play which good notices had not been able to help. Several of the daily critics had greeted it with ecstatic reviews. What is more, they had followed these up with no less ecstatic reappraisals. Yet the "boys," so often accused of breaking plays, could not make this one.

The few who took their advice were enthusiastic. They were fully aware of the exceptional quality of what they were seeing. I know they were the night I saw "Billy Budd." In the intermissions they discussed these merits on the sidewalk and in the lobby. They huddled together as defenders will, lamenting some of the trash that "packs them in" for months on end while such a work, so unusual in its virtues and dimensions, could starve to death in so short a time. "Can't something be done to save it?" I heard several people ask. But even those of us who would have been delighted to do our share in the saving sensed to our sorrow that here was a production beyond salvation, notwithstanding that everyone connected with it could be proud of it and that we who saw it had good reason to be proud of the theatre for having presented it.

JUST what it was that kept ticket-buyers away from "Billy Budd" is impossible to determine with any precision. Was it because they were frightened by reading such adjectives as "stern," "grim," "austere," "intellectual"? These same words employed to describe "Darkness at Noon" had not scared them. Was it because (oh, eternal defense of those Philistines whose courage is little and whose minds are smaller) they surrendered to the death-dealing bromide which holds life is so tragic nowadays that the theatre is obliged to be entertaining and nothing more? Was it because the title "Billy Budd" meant nothing to those who had not read Melville's allegory of Good and Evil? Or was it because playgoers could not steel themselves, in spite of the glowing notices, to face the story of how a young sailor is unjustly hanged? Who knows? Who can say?

But this I do know and this I can say. Those who did not see "Billy



Dennis King (left on platform) and Charles Nolte (in rigging)—"everything in its favor."

*BILLY BUDD, a new play by Louis O. Coxe and Robert Chapman, based on the novel by Herman Melville. Directed by Norris Houghton. Settings by Paul Morrison. Costumes by Ruth Morley. Presented by Chandler Cowles and Anthony B. Farrell. With a cast including Dennis King, Torin Thatcher, Charles Nolte, Guy Spaull, Jeff Morrow, Walter Burke, Jack Manning, George Fells, Bernard Kates, etc. At the Biltmore Theatre, New York City. Opened February 10, 1951.

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GLORIA SWANSON
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Twentieth Century
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Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
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with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT • RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
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Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

IRENE MAYER SELZNICK presents
REX HARRISON
LILLI PALMER
in
Bell Book and Candle
A New Comedy by JOHN van DRUTEN
BARRYMORE THEA., W. 47 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Budd" did their bit to discourage the theatre from doing its best. They turned their backs on courage and distinction. They helped the cause of cheapness and mediocrity, of the third-rate and the silly, a cause which, Heaven knows, has its overnumerous champions and needs no new recruits. Worst of all, however, they denied themselves an engrossing adventure.

THE saga of Billy Budd was, of course, Melville's last work. It was written when he had regained his self-belief after many painful years during which he had grown accustomed to being underestimated and neglected as an author. Although it was completed in 1891, the year of his death, when Melville was seventy-two, it was not published until 1924 and then in an inaccurate transcription. In its first form it was cast as a short story called "Baby Budd, Sailor," which F. Barron Freeman discovered only a few years back in Melville's chaotic manuscript and included in his scholarly edition of the novel.* The expansion of the 12,000-word short story into "Billy Budd, Foretopman," which runs to 36,000 words, required a little more than two years. The result, though fragmentary, is beyond forgetting. It is distinguished by the same vividness of phrase, characterization, and narrative, the same sense of being as at home with the soul as with the sea, the same gift for prose which sings a song commonly beyond the reach of prose, and the identical altitude of meditation which glorify "Moby Dick."

In "Moby Dick" the White Whale is a denizen of depths undreamed of by whalers. He is a symbol of destiny. He represents not only "the Nature man warily hunts and subdues," said Lewis Mumford, but that part of Nature which "threatens man and calls forth all his heroic powers" only to defeat him "with a final lash of the tail." In similar fashion the concern of "Billy Budd" is far larger than a mere outline of its outward action might suggest. Though its setting is an English man-of-war, its subject refuses to be shipbound. It is a fable of Good and Evil and of the hatred which goodness itself can create. It is

*MELVILLE'S BILLY BUDD, edited by F. Barron Freeman. The complete text of the novel with variant readings and of the unpublished short story. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. 381 pp. $5.

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an inquiry into the cold, impersonal forces of authority as they ignore and obliterate the individual who finds himself at odds with them. It is an incident at sea turned, as it were, into a morality play which deals with the compromises exacted by organized society and the injustices carried out in its interest and name.

When Melville wrote it he had three definite naval events in mind. Two of these were the Spithead and Nore Mutinies in the British fleet which in 1797 had created consternation in an England at war. The third came nearer home. It was the notorious "Mackenzie Case" which had shocked America in 1842. This case took its name from the captain who, in order to put down a rumored uprising on the U. S. brig-of-war *Somers,* had hanged three innocent sailors while still at sea. Inasmuch as Melville's first cousin had served as a lieutenant under Mackenzie, his was a personal interest in this unhappy incident.

Needless to say, Melville being Melville, he put these events to his own uses. It was not for nothing that he named the merchant vessel on which Billy Budd had sailed before his impressment *The Rights of Man* or that he christened the man-of-war upon which Billy met his untimely death the year after the Mutiny at the Nore the H.M.S. *Indomitable.* On page after page Melville's narrative is filled with overtones.

Billy, the Handsome Sailor, is the spokesman of the blind, the trusting, and the naive Good. His beauty is the external expression of his inner virtue, even as his stammer is a reminder of his human imperfection. Claggart, the master-at-arms, who hates him instinctively, is the embodiment of Evil, a born villain not a made one, a madman cool and crafty in his means and cursed with a genius for cruelty. It is his natural depravity which leads him to plot against Billy and accuse him unjustly of planning a mutiny. In the same way it is Billy's outraged innocence which, by causing him to stammer, makes it impossible for him to answer these false charges except by striking, and unintentionally killing, Claggart in the presence of Captain Vere.

The Captain is a bookish, thoughtful fellow, sardonic but likable, whose thinking is buttressed by strong convictions of duty. Although he has a father's fondness for Billy and knows him to be innocent of mutinous thoughts, he persuades the officers who try him that Billy must hang. He must hang because in wartime he has struck a superior, and according to the Mutiny Act that was a capital crime. He must hang because the crew, accustomed to stern discipline and remembering the Mutiny at the Nore, would mistake a more clement sentence for weakness. And hanged Billy Budd is, still struggling to believe in the justice of his fate and able to utter, as his surprising last words, "God bless you, Captain Vere."

The excitements of "Billy Budd, Foretopman" are sprung so surely from the fascination of Melville's digressions, his philosophical or descriptive passages, the power of his story-telling, and the sheer melody of his prose that I, for one, thought his short novel would resist dramatization. But, though certain of its qualities are bound to have been lost, Louis O. Coxe and Robert Chapman succeeded in turning it into an enthralling play. With an admirable awareness of the theatre's needs they extended the materials, supplying helpful scenes, clarifying motivations, incorporating new characters, developing the original ones, and writing dialogue that, while it remained remarkably faithful to the spirit and intention of the novel, possessed its own dramatic merits. They did not cheapen or compromise. They did not try to combine the easy sadism of "Mutiny on the Bounty" with the rough-and-tumble talk of "Mister Roberts." Instead, they wrote, and wrote skilfully, as men who understood and respected Melville at the same time that they understood and respected the stage.

This same integrity, skill, and understanding both of Melville and the theatre distinguished the entire production. They were manifest in Norris Houghton's extraordinarily able and sensitive direction. They were present in Paul Morrison's excellent settings. They also characterized the acting of the minor no less than the major parts. Dennis King, whose diction is blessed with a faultless precision, was a perfect Captain Vere—authoritative, kindly though aloof, and human until he must show himself to be the prisoner of regulations. Torin Thatcher's Claggart had all the driving, controlled, intellectual evil of Melville's master-at-arms. And Charles Nolte to an incredible degree managed to establish the trusting goodness of Billy without making him sappy.

"My books will speak for themselves," said Melville in his later years, "and all the better if I avoid the rattling egotism by which so many won a certain vogue for a certain time." No one can question that as a play "Billy Budd" spoke for itself. The pity is that it never won that "certain vogue for a certain time" which would have allowed it to speak to the large audiences it deserved.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Of Winter

By Lionel Wiggam

THAT day I walked through a city locked in ice.
Rain before dawn had frozen where it fell,
Clasping each object in a glittering vice,
Sealing all things inside a crystal shell.

Here was a miracle marvelous as spring:
To find a city's bones turned blond and brittle.
Fireplugs and lamp-posts, every mundane thing,
Crusted and sheathed and luminous a little.

It seemed they must break, each iridescent structure,
The paperweight city must come crashing down.
One tremor of light, one shiver of sound would puncture
The whole fantasia, raze the improbable town . . .

Then I recalled another ice-locked country,
A landscape frigid but in no wise frail,
The place where a heart depended, fixed and wintry,
Frozenly shrouded, locked in a glassier mail.

The city, I thought, will presently thaw, not splinter,
Unlike the heart to any summer lost,
Unlike the heart that cherishes its winter
And hugs its frost.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

THREE RETURNS—*COMME CI COMME CA*

Eleanor Parker and Anthony Dexter in "Valentino"—"luscious corn."

I DON'T know how apocryphal this story is, but the way I heard it is that Rudolph Valentino was supposed to look like himself from only one side of his face and that one of the problems connected with making a movie about him involved the finding of an actor who looked like Valentino from both sides. Anthony Dexter, who plays the dream lover in a picture optimistically titled "Valentino" (Columbia), seems to me about as close a physical replica as one could get, although my feeling is that from the left side of his face he tends more to resemble George Raft. But this is picayune. One ought to give credit where credit is due. It's the one thing Mr. Dexter does well—look like Valentino, that is; after that there isn't much one can say in his or the picture's favor.

During what purports to be a tracing of Valentino's career Mr. Dexter is called upon to dance the tango, crack a whip, ride an Arabian horse, and make love. He does all of these things in a singularly witless way, almost in slow motion. He seems to speak in slow motion, too. With slow, grinding remorselessness the lines come forth, luscious corn, all of them. Mr. Dexter is made to carry the burden of them, but Eleanor Parker, Richard Carlson, and Patricia Medina have their share, too.

The fated young man is first found aboard a tramp steamer plowing its way from Italy to New York. He runs into Eleanor Parker who is traveling incognito on the same ship. He woos her by referring to the moon, the trackless ocean, and the mysterious forces that can draw a man and a woman together—also by a peculiar weaving motion that gets his face directly against hers. Eleanor Parker bobs temporarily out of range. "A woman," she reminds him, "must think of tomorrow." Well, he makes short work of that, and they forget tomorrow for that night. But the statement turns into the theme of the picture very soon after.

Miss Parker is in reality Joan Carlyle, the well-known screen actress. Valentino only finds this out when she enters the nightclub where he is employed as a gigolo and tango specialist. You can see the way his burning eyes and matchless physiognomy attract her, but she has him sized up. What of tomorrow if she yields again? However, it so happens that her fiancé, a screen director, is with her. He sees movie possibilities in Valentino, and the great career starts. But the great argument continues. Valentino insists upon today, Joan Carlyle on tomorrow. Finally, as a resolution of the dilemna she marries the director, played by Richard Carlson.

Things might have gone along all right if Valentino and Joan Carylye were not starred together in a great love story called "The Sheik." They have to play those burning love scenes, and the director (same one) insists that they really burn. The conflagration is kindled, and now the tables turn. Joan Carlyle is willing to think only of *today*, but this time Valentino thinks of tomorrow. Appendicitis is somehow mixed up in it, too, and finally Valentino squares things with the press, proving once and for all his essential nobility, and goes off to die on a train bound for New York. Joan Carlyle is in the clear, but is she that mysterious woman in black who keeps turning up at his tomb year after year? It's anyone's guess.

Edward Small was the producer of this turkey. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

* * *

Originally known as "The Story of a Divorce," the new Bette Davis film, "Payment on Demand" (RKO Radio), her first since "All About Eve," is aimed directly at the women in the audience. As in so many of her pre-Eve appearances she is again the ruthless, manipulative female who deserves what she gets, and the audience weeps when she gets it. The film starts with her husband's first deviation—he wants a divorce.

Hailed as a realistic story of divorce, the picture adds little to previous film disclosures of the mechanics of divorce and limits its story to what happens to two people who were young with the WPA and maneuvered their way from the pick-and-shovel brigade to success in upper-bracket law practice. It is also the story of their middle years, of which their divorce is both symptom and evidence, and of the emptiness that sets in when the pursuit of success has gone a bit stale and there is a resurgence of other values.

Relieved only by two witty and ironic scenes with the late Jane Cowl as an aging divorcée addicted to rum and young artists, *à faute de mieux*, "Payment on Demand" proceeds at high voltage through a series of well-staged flashbacks which indicate crises of the past that might have presaged divorce.

Well-heeled and cushion-soled, directed by a writer-director team who know all the tricks of pacing, "Payment on Demand" gives a charged, woman's-eye view of divorce in middle years, of what it means in terms of mature children, and of the neurotic loneliness of a woman encased in her ambition, when set adrift.

* * *

"The Mating Season," Charles Brackett's last story for Paramount,

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is distinguished chiefly for the deft and heart-warming performance of that knowing trouper Thelma Ritter, soon to be starred by Twentieth Century-Fox. From her first screen appearance several years ago in "Miracle on Thirty-Fourth Street" to "All About Eve," in which she played a sardonic second to Bette Davis as her maid, this doughty comedienne has consistently pulled all the stops and easily blotted from memory the succession of glamour girls who topped her in billing.

Not since the days of Marie Dressler and Zazu Pitts has there been a film comedienne to match her. Less bawdy and more compact than Marie Dressler, more sentimental than Zazu Pitts, she has a special stance of her own that picks up a routine comedy like "The Mating Season" and bounces it along, Gene Tierney, John Lund, *et al.*

As the outspoken proprietor of a bankrupt hamburg stand, as an overworked wrapper in a department store, as a mother-in-law mistaken for the new maid, she makes a holiday. Her sparring scenes with Miriam Hopkins as a special bit of international fluff and a rival mother-in-law are neat and hilarious. For Thelma Ritter goes to the heart of the matter. Her style is right out of vaudeville, bluff, direct, and persuasive. Rooted in reality, she tilts easily at sham, a fresh and beneficent presence on a decadent screen.

—Evelyn Gerstein.

SRL Recommends

I'd Climb the Highest Mountain: Sentiment with minimum treacle in absorbing ups and downs of itinerant Georgia preacher. One of Heaven's more handsome ushers—but why not? (*SRL* Mar. 3.)

Chance of a Lifetime: Challenged workers accept boss's shoes at farm-implement factory in austerity England, illuminating, without party banners, both sides of labor-management tussle. (*SRL* Mar. 10.)

The Sound of Fury: Townspeople, inflamed by circulation-hungry headlines, lynch impoverished man sucked into crime, together with psychopathic killer. Gripping, if somewhat unconvincingly motivated. (*SRL* Feb. 3.)

The Steel Helmet: Despite familiar "characters" and story line, a compelling quickie about the war in Korea. (*SRL* Feb. 3.)

The Halls of Montezuma: Filmed in good but not too glorious Technicolor. Shots of actual Marine-Navy maneuvers laced with taut performances into overpowering climax. (*SRL* Jan. 20.)

Born Yesterday: Billie Dawn gropes hilariously through ABC's of democracy, with considerable private enterprise. (*SRL* Jan. 6.)

TV and Radio

THE PROBLEM OF THE DELICATE STOMACH

I HAVE fallen into a bad habit. I eat my dinner while I'm watching television. Being a chronic sufferer of a not too rare malady known as neuro-circulatory asthenia, which under emotional stress causes everything I eat to go to my hips and everything I think to go to my stomach, I find that exposure to a highly sensitive dramatic show on television while dining is just too much for my delicate condition.

A Sunday night or two ago I was watching the Colgate Comedy Hour on NBC. Eddie Cantor was the star that night, and while Eddie was on the screen I was able to control my emotion. Suddenly there appeared a short dramatic offering, breathtaking in its implication, biting in its denunciation. I was caught up in the tragic story of Kenneth and Betty.

In a setting of stark realism, a spotlight slashed through the eerie darkness and pinpointed Kenneth and Betty standing in close embrace. Suddenly Betty broke from Kenneth's arms, and as she half ran toward the camera I caught the tragic overtones of her suffering indelibly inscribed on her face. I don't remember the exact dialogue, but as I tried to swallow a mouthful of cold cuts and potato salad I heard Betty say:

"Oh, Ken, I can't." "Can't what?" said Ken.

"I just can't, Ken. I can't tell you, Ken." "Tell me what?"

"I can't tell you why it's no use, Ken." "Why, what's no use?"

"That's what I can't tell you, Ken." "What's what you can't tell me?"

"What we're talking about, Ken." "What are we talking about?"

"I can't, Ken. I wish I could, Ken. But I can't, Ken."

In a flash she was gone, leaving Kenneth puzzled, bewildered, and, I thought, a little too far upstage. He had a strong, fine face, had Kenneth. He was broad of shoulder and square of jaw. I tried to tell myself as I steadied my fork that this was only a lovers' quarrel. Was it over finances? Betty seemed too sensible a girl for that. Was it politics, religion, a difference in their ages? Had Ken kept her waiting on a date? Was it an off-color story he had told her? Was he wanted on a check-forging rap in Kansas City? Or was he only married to somebody else?

Kenneth himself seemed as puzzled and as upset as I. I believe he clenched his fists and wrinkled his brow as he turned to look helplessly into the darkness, when suddenly another spotlight cut through the scene and picked up a nice gray-haired old lady sitting in a rocker. She was busily knitting.

"Kenneth," she said, "I am Betty's grandmother and I've known her longer than you have."

THIS seemed so obvious to Kenneth that he didn't even reply. He only stared, and his broad shoulders seemed to say: "Then what is this all about? I love Betty, and I thought she loved me. We've been going out together now for some months and I had hoped that this was IT. She is the only girl I have truly loved. Oh there have been others, of course—what man hasn't had others — but Betty is different. Or I thought she was—until—until this. I love her. I think she is the most attractive girl in the world."

This was a rather broad statement, but as I have indicated he said it all with his shoulders, and they were broad shoulders.

A patient, kindly smile spread over Betty's grandmother's kindly face.

"Kenneth, I'm sure Betty loves you, too, but you have offended her."

"Offended her? How?"

"With your bad breath," said Betty's kindly grandmother. "Often food gets into your teeth and decays," I think she continued; or perhaps she said that the food makes the teeth decay—in either case it causes bad breath.

She didn't imply that Kenneth wasn't brushing his teeth. He brushed everything — his clothes were well brushed, his hair was brushed, his shoes were brushed. And I'm sure his teeth were brushed with Colgate toothpaste.

Well, Kenneth wasn't the kind of a fellow you have to hit over the head with a crowbar—not hard anyway. He must have started using Colgate's right away, because there was a quick scene in which Betty showed grandmother her engagement ring. Betty was breathless. But not Kenneth. He didn't have bad breath due to tooth decay any more.

As I say, I've fallen into a bad habit, eating dinner while watching television. I hate to give up my television. With entertainment like that I'll just give up my dinner.

—Goodman Ace.

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Music to My Ears

"FIDELIO"—PIANISTS HOROWITZ AND CARLSON

"FIDELIO" and Bruno Walter summarize some of the most cherished memories in the operatic theatre of this era. It has been so in Munich, in Vienna, in Salzburg, in Berlin, and in New York; most recently and most lastingly at the Metropolitan, where the admired conductor returned after an absence of several years with a promise of a new pulse and impact for the late weeks of the season. Kirsten Flagstad was the Leonore for the first time since spring 1941, Paul Schoeffler the Pizarro.

The Metropolitan being for better or worse a theatre it is subject to whatever it is that creeps into a theatre when everything happens except a fine performance. This was in substance a good, a knowing, a workmanlike "Fidelio"; but the special quality of light and warmth and burning fervor one associates with Walter was somewhere else on the occasion of its presentation as the last of the three "Firsts." The audience, which had paid premium prices for tickets, found itself confronted with nothing more than a great score and some fine artists. It was, in a well-worn phrase, not amused, though the standees and some others created a furore after the prison scene.

Walter's playing of the opening "Fidelio" Overture had the precision and musical values one expects of so special an interpreter, but it did not jubilate—which was a trouble sign before the curtain rose. Thereafter the appearances of Nadine Conner (Marzelline), Peter Klein (Jacquino), Deszo Ernster (Rocco), and Flagstad (Leonore) left us without a real character until the scene changed to the courtyard of the prison and Paul Schoeffler, newly returned from Vienna, made us acquainted with his famous Pizarro. And justly famous, too, for its harshness of sound, its intentness of manner, its sallow malevolence of face, forehead, beady eyes, and grasping hands. Someone has said that Schoeffler played Scarpia last year like a Gauleiter of Rome; here he is the Gauleiter on foreign soil, even to the costume and the curtness of manner. In aptness of vocal color and sureness of manner he was Walter's most obedient servant.

Flagstad's Leonore remains much what it was before—a singularly splendid voice for the music, if without the heart to feel the agony of this character or the art to counterfeit the emotions. There were many small touches of dramatic detail that showed a fresh application to its problems, but nothing was thrown to the winds in "Abscheulicher" save a good deal of carefully controlled sound, and the climaxing "First kill his wife!" ended with a well-centered B, not a cry of defiance.

Scattered through the evening was any amount of well-phrased orchestral playing, and Herbert Graf's staging was altogether natural; the sum, however, was closer to the common denominator of Conner's charmless Marzelline and Ernster's dry-voiced Rocco than it was to the uncommon fraction of Walter's conducting. A final point which may or may not be significant: the last performances (1946-47) under his direction, in which an English text was used by a not very good cast, were more absorbing than this one in German.

TO ask that a prodigious pianist like Vladimir Horowitz should also be an all-embracing interpreter is (to borrow a figure I first encountered in G. J. Nathan) to ask that the rose be edible or that the strawberry be fragrant. There is a certain economy in nature by which some gifts are withheld from those who have been given others in profusion.

At the same time I would feel better about Horowitz (as if he cares!) were his relative failures on a par with his unmistakable successes. If he can play, as he did at his recent Carnegie Hall program, Schumann's "Variations on a Theme by Clara Wieck" with a loving warmth and a profound insight or Prokofiev's Seventh Sonata (Opus 83) with tempestuous energy and a dexterity to baffle the ear, why should it be a Mozart sonata which, metaphorically, makes his fingers all thumbs and his manner aggressively restrained? Were it the "Hammerklavier" of Beethoven or his Opus 111, one could understand any chisel, no matter how sharp, failing to carve the wanted impression.

I hasten to say that the remark about thumbs is, indeed, metaphorical, for the finger work was as clear spun as ice on a window pane or the tracery made by a skywriter's plane. But it penetrated no deeper than the one and was an evanescent in memory as the other.

For the length of the andante cantabile Horowitz put his faith in Mozart's melodic line, with measurable success; it was not breath-taking Mozart but it was inoffensive. In neither of the fast movements, however, did he quite trust what the printed page said: hence, the musical equivalent of scene-chewing, broadly dramatic gestures, and all the rest. That Horowitz is the day's greatest virtuoso was amply proven by his "Hungarian Rhapsody" (No. 6) of Liszt as well as his Prokofiev. That there are other and better ways of playing Mozart is merely to note that Nature in her wisdom has made provisions for other pianists, too.

Paul Schoeffler—"most obedient servant."

One who has learned that lesson is Jane Carlson, a Naumburg Award winner of a few seasons back, who appeared in the twilight series at Carnegie Hall on a recent Sunday. Her net to capture the attention of the audience was the closely-knit "Ludus Tonalis" of Hindemith, of which the warp is twelve fugues and the woof twelve interludes, with two handles called praeludium and postludium. The figure "twelve" also applies to its twelve-tone texture.

Since its composition in 1943 the "Ludus Tonalis" (or "Game of Tones") has generally been considered an exercise on paper, of dubious suitability for public performance. Miss Carlson's clear-cut, well-varied presentation argued strongly for a contrary view, though my attention gave out after the eighth pair of episodes—mostly for want of a tonal center on which the attention could fasten. However, one toccata-like interlude and several imaginative fugues suggested that additional hearings might well extend the period of listening tolerance. For this the pianist could be thanked. She also played works of Bach (G major Toccata) and Beethoven (C major Sonata, Opus 2) intelligently but without the enthusiasm roused in her by Hindemith.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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HISTORY

(*Continued from page 15*)

rors, myths, and illusions of mankind he observes wryly, "If men were sane there would be no history."

The twenty-nine fugitive essays assembled here are evenly divided between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Some are pungent reappraisals that disinter an issue of a personality from the obscuring layers in which pride, prejudice, and propaganda have concealed it. Others such as "The Austrian Illusion" are calm recitals of ignored facts. The Western democracies choose to believe that the Austrians were forcibly annexed by Hitler, that they want to be independent, and that they can be kept from rejoining Germany—Mr. Taylor punctures the triple fiction in three pages. The credulity of this believing world provides many such straw men for him to decapitate with a cutting phrase.

Iconoclasts are seldom consistent and the author does not spare his own illusions. Once he could write confidently, "The object of Soviet policy is security. . . . Machine tools would buy Soviet friendship on favorable economic and political terms for a long time to come." Later he admits, "It is a great mistake to believe that these fanatical religions can be beaten by tolerance and sympathy. Nothing succeeds like persecution." His obituary on European liberalism is tart and final. It was at best "a luxury." Liberal ideals "never commanded mass support . . . perhaps they were secure only so long as Europe lived on the tribute of other continents." This Oxford don writes like an intellectual aristocrat whistling to keep up his spirits while the tumbrels pass. His glance is scornful, his wit aseptic, his judgments on the human comedy clinical and chilling.

—G. B.

THE NEW POPULAR HISTORY OF THE WORLD: The Story of Mankind from Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Wallace C. Caldwell and Edward H. Merrill. Greystone Press. $5.95. This book is a worthy example of the better type of world history text used in senior high schools. The contents, divided into eleven parts and thirty-eight chapters, are well-balanced but so highly compressed that the reader finds little more than a clipped statement of facts, useful when preparing for a test but hardly the "vivid pageant" the introduction promises. The illustrations are profuse, well chosen, and well reproduced, and the maps, prepared by Erwin Raisz, are excellent. As more

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than half the page space is occupied by pictures, maps, tables, chapter introductions, and summations, the narrative, even in double-column format, is limited to about a quarter of a million words, too little to explain the history of the world in very smooth or logical fashion despite the authors' best endeavors. The emphasis is cumulative with one-third of the space reserved for the present century.

It is difficult to guess why a book that seems a typical text should be jacketed as a trade offering and signalized as popular. The riddle is not simplified by a short list of historical novels at the end which sandwiches "Ben Hur" and "Quo Vadis" between Thomas Mann's "Joseph in Egypt" and Waltari's "The Egyptian."

THE STORY OF PLYMOUTH. By R. A. J. Walling. Morrow. $5. Plymouth played so vital a part in the rise of English maritime supremacy that this colorful chronicle must be classified as naval rather than regional history. It unfolds a proud sea pageant of five and a half centuries' duration, a pageant of grandeur and tragedy that opens with the town half-razed by French corsairs in 1403 and leaves it almost wholly razed by German bombs in 1945. The grandeur of the story lies in the character of the Plymouth people, who have proved they could recover from hard blows and inflict harder ones, and to them the book is dedicated; and the fact that when its octogenarian author died last year his son saw it through the final stages without a break is likewise in the Plymouth tradition. The Devon sea-dogs who tracked the Invincible Armada to destruction and laid the foundations of an empire overseas had forbears and descendants of the same metal, and Plymouth is still the matrix of a heroic mintage.

All readers with salt in their blood will enjoy the book for its lively narrative style and for its retelling of the nautical exploits of Devon men, but for Americans Plymouth has associations that give it a special place in their affection and their history. In 1585 four ships left Plymouth to found the first English settlement in North America; it was the last port touched by the *Mayflower* on its westward voyage in 1620; and it served as the largest United States naval base in Europe in World War II. The ten photographs and six original line drawings that illustrate this pleasing volume will recall scenes and sites familiar to many ex-servicemen.

NAVAL POWER AND TRADE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, A.D. 500-1100. By Archibald R. Lewis. Princeton University Press. $4. This significant and challenging reinterpretation, number five in the Princeton Studies in History Series, merits the attention of all serious students of the period. Archibald R. Lewis believes that the role of sea power in the Mediterranean from the time of Justinian to the First Crusade has been underestimated and in part misconstrued. Despite his respect for Pirenne's analysis he does not agree that Moslem interference disrupted the Mediterranean economy and brought on the semi-isolation of Western Europe in the eighth century. "It was not the Arabs but Byzantium who destroyed the ancient unity of the Mediterranean." Even in the ninth and tenth centuries he finds no evidence the Moslems blockaded Latin Europe or the Byzantine Empire.

Historically the most dramatic reversal in Mediterranean sea power came at the close of the period when Western Europe claimed the lead. "Already by 1100 the Byzantine Empire had become to a large extent a colonial area economically exploited by Western merchants"; and "After 1100 all commerce from Syria and Palestine and most of that from Egypt was carried in Western bottoms." This shift makes the First Crusade more understandable as "the end of a process." Despite a tendency to overstress the more novel elements of his interpretation Mr. Lewis displays such wide research, cogency, and penetration in developing his arguments that they cannot fail to interest students striving to widen their focus and break away from an isolationist concept of Western Europe in the Middle Ages.

BRITISH PRIME MINISTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: Policies and Speeches. By Joseph Hendershot Park. New York University Press. $4.75. Nothing stultifies the teaching of history more surely than a suggestion that the decisions of the past were inevitable and that students fulfill their responsibility when they memorize the final scores. Professor Park is one of those rare teachers who never forget that "individuals who learn by rote and accept without question the conclusions of any so-called school of thought will hardly give great assistance to the solution of the difficulties that beset society."

In this admirable compilation, as in his study of "The English Reform Bill of 1867," Dr. Park brings home the contemporaneity of British nineteenth-century .political debates for the American student today. Many domestic, and in particular, many foreign problems that Canning, Wellington, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Salisbury defended or attacked before the Parliament or the public have changed their garb and residence but not their character. The effects that public pressure and prejudice often exert in warping foreign policy, the refractive influence of party loyalties, and the qualities of statesmanship that the leaders —and the voters—in a democracy must display, are thoughtfully ex-

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pounded and exemplified in these notes and excerpts. As a handbook on politics, a book of readings, and a first resource for teachers eager to bring life into their lectures on nineteenth-century Britain this volume has an assured destiny.

JEAN-SYLVAIN BAILLY, REVOLUTIONARY MAYOR OF PARIS. By Gene A. Brucker. University of Illinois Press. Paper, $2. *Cloth,* $3. This short study of some 40,000 words relates the unhappy political career of an honest but humorless astronomer who at fifty-three was elected to the Estates General and plunged into the maelstrom of the French Revolution. Chosen mayor of Paris by popular acclamation, Bailly struggled to organize the municipal administration, relieve the bread famine, and curb the increase of mob violence. When he resigned in November 1791 his popularity was gone, and although he retired into obscurity he was arrested and guillotined in 1793 at the height of the Terror.

Mr. Brucker has confined his study to Bailly's brief period of political activity, assembling the details conscientiously with dutiful documentation. He writes with clarity and his occasional lapses ("stymied," "jittery," "singularly unique") are rarer in the later chapters. The book will prove of value to students of the French Revolution, although the bibliography is limited to printed material and omits a complete list of Bailly's own publications. The "Procès-verbal des électeurs de Paris" (1790), by Bailly and Duveyrier, should have found a place among the sources and Ernest Mellié's "Les Sections de Paris" (1898) among the secondary works. —G.B.

THE COURT JEW: A Contribution to the History of the Period of Absolutism in Central Europe. By Selma Stern. Translated by Ralph Weiman. Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. $4. During the period when feudalism in Europe began to crumble, making way for the new political and economical forms of young capitalism in the courts of emperors, kings, and dukes, there appeared the so-called Court Jews. They were a peculiar caste of Jews who because of their commercial genius managed to gather tremendous wealth and emerged from the ghettos as advisers to European rulers. They influenced financial affairs, organized new industries and foreign commerce, and had much to say about internal and foreign policy.

During the epoch of court absolutism, when the monarchs of Germany, France, the Netherlands, and Poland could not rely on the indifferent attitude and aid of their own noblemen and merchants, they were forced to seek advice from the intelligent wealthy Jews, from whom they could at the same time very easily borrow money. These Jews gave of their wealth freely. Had they not done so they knew very well that the prison gates would have been opened wide for them or their heads might even be placed in jeopardy.

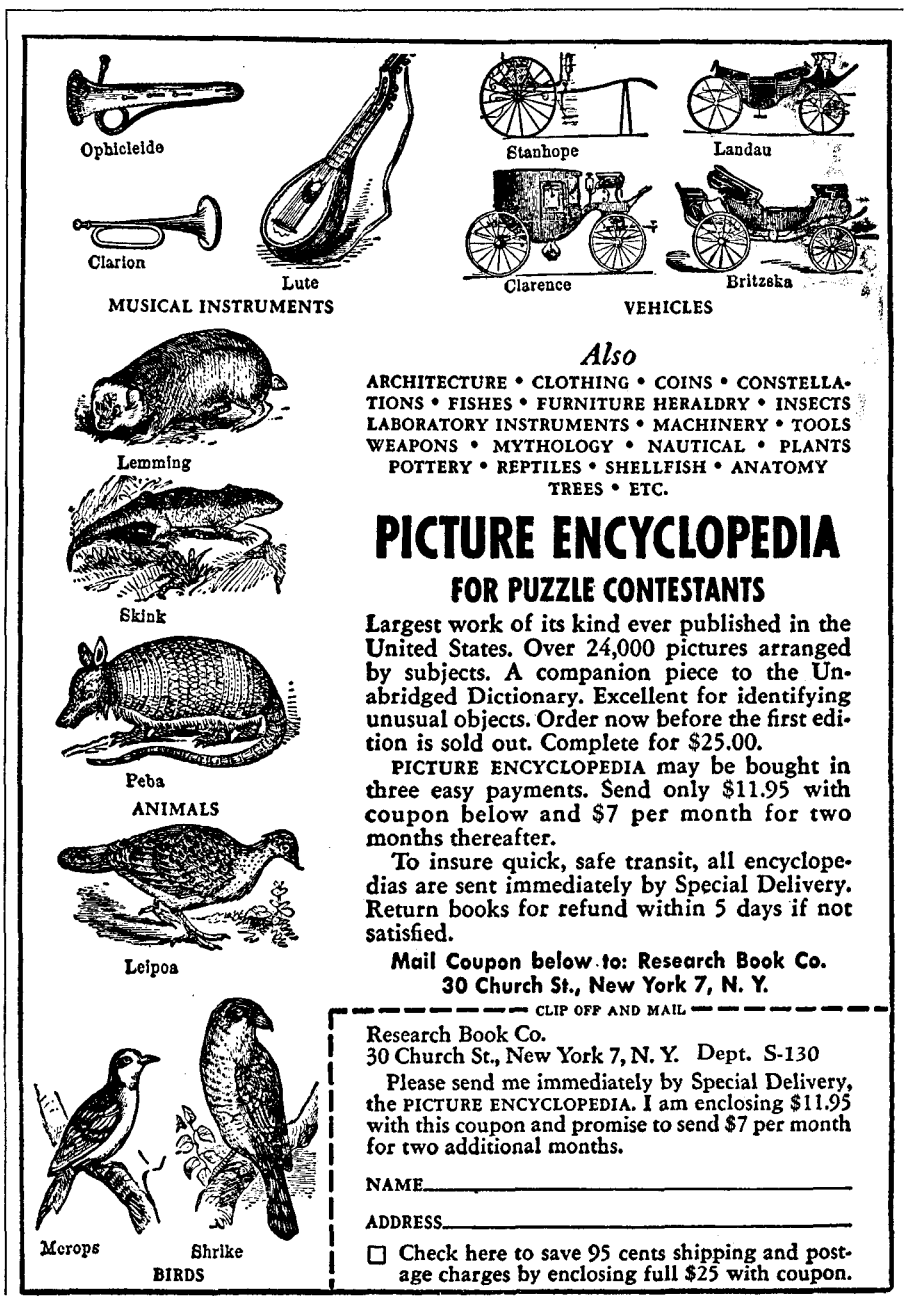
Through their generosity, too, the Court Jews obtained personal profit and privileges for their fellow-Jews in the ghettos. On frequent occasions they had to exercise considerable courage and determination to keep their positions with the monarchs and at the same time had to be resourceful in obtaining aid for their oppressed people.

In her interesting book Dr. Selma Stern presents a long gallery of prominent Jews, such as Samuel Oppenheimer of Heidelberg, Josel of Rosheim, Loew Sinzheim, Samuel Ullmann, Lazarus Hirschel, Herz Lehmann, Fernando Antonio Carvajal, Salomo Medina, and many others who figured in forgotten annals of German, French, Dutch, and Polish history.

Dr. Stern gives an exhaustive historical background of the financial, political, and humanitarian Court Jews from 1650 to 1750. Her knowledge of Germany is particularly accurate and wide in range. Her characterization of the Court Jews and the description of their common *esprit de corps* are picturesquely presented and give evidence of her writing talent.

Since most of the Court Jews exercised their influence in Germany the book's value would be enhanced if it were also to be published in Germany today.

—Antoni Gronowicz.



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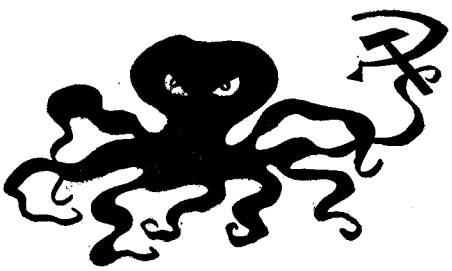
from India, Egypt, Burma, and Ceylon and the United States from Latin America and the Philippines the Kremlin has been annexing or reannexing all the lands which Lenin permitted to go their own way and many which the Czars did not venture to covet. Every phenomenon which Lenin enumerated, the growth of supertrusts, the merger of industrial and financial capital, and the fusion of these with the state, mixed companies, puppet governments, direct conquest, and even simple pillage, which Lenin considered too "backward" for modern times, has been reproduced on a new and higher scale.

Mr. Dallin portrays the resultant empire as mighty and irresistible in appearance but—

> One inch below the surface the rot at the heart of the Communist state begins. Below the surface lie the common people who have been the first victims of three decades of tyranny. They are tired, despondent, and mute . . . too intelligent to be deceived but too weary to rebel. The acute sense of dignity of the human being has so long been violated that the nation longs for justice and right . . . for a life in which the average human being can live decently.

The author compares the position of the peoples of the Soviet Union to that of the famous bronze horse on the banks of the Neva, with Czar Peter as rider. It stands "on its haunches, at the edge of a precipice, in a perpetually tense position. But the ability to sustain this exertion is now beyond Russia's strength."

If Stalin should force a showdown, Mr. Dallin concludes, if he should "insist on continuing an offensive in world and home affairs contrary to the wishes and needs and mood of a long-suffering nation, then . . . with the Russian people as ally, that showdown is certain to end in a historic victory for the cause of liberty and civilization, a cause whose worth has been reaffirmed by three decades of Soviet despotism." A heartening conclusion! One could only wish that Mr. Dallin had documented it with more thoroughness and system. Still, we must be grateful for what he has done; however disjointed and fragmentary, "The New Soviet Empire" is a valuable study of the internal structure and foreign policy of postwar Russia.



Bertram D. Wolfe is author of "Three Who Made a Revolution" and other works on Russia.

Waves Over the Steppes

THE PAGEANT OF RUSSIAN HISTORY. By Elizabeth Seeger. Longmans, Green. $4.50. Like the author's popular survey of Chinese history, this lively record might more aptly be entitled the epic than the pageant of a people. The pages glow and darken with romantic vicissitudes, battles, massacres, fighting retreats, and indomitable recoveries. The hordes of Genghis Khan, the *grande armée* of Napoleon, the legions of Hitler roll over the Russian steppes like obliterating waves, and each time the tenacious Muscovites survive the deluge. If there are many Americans who still cling to the notion that the Russian masses are spiritless robots that slave and die with Oriental apathy this account of the disasters they have suffered and surmounted will disillusion them. Elizabeth Seeger compels her readers to share some of her own admiration for Russian fortitude and vitality. For the czars and commissars who have ruled and misruled Russia her feelings are understandably less enthusiastic. But she makes it clear that Russian conditions and politics differed from those of Western Europe, that they permitted and encouraged leaders to use their authority ruthlessly and unscrupulously. The Kremlin has never been a congenial nursery for dupes and dreamers, although it has produced its quota of them.

The most notable virtue of this readable history is the robust prose. The style is lucid, concise, and elementary enough for secondary-school students and the casual reader to enjoy it without a puckered brow. By avoiding abstract analysis and stressing colorful personalities and events the author keeps her narrative energetic and picturesque. She has a gift for the succinct and memorable phrase; for instance, the value of morale in the Great Patriotic War is summed up in seventeen words: "It was an honor for a Russian to be sent to Stalingrad, a punishment for a German." Half a dozen maps and twenty pert and spirited drawings by Bernard Watkins and Erik Magons add to the entertainment. There is a selected bibliography and an excellent index.

—G. B.

great novelist, the technical faults of this book are probably unimportant. This is indeed the "world" of "O Pioneers" and "My Antonia," informally and nostalgically portrayed.

James R. Shively is editor of "Writings from Willa Cather's Campus Years," published last year by the University of Nebraska Press.

Belles-Lettres Notes

THE RENAISSANCE: ITS NATURE AND ORIGINS. By George C. Sellery. University of Wisconsin Press. $3.75. In this brief survey of the many-faceted Renaissance Professor Sellery opposes the idea, championed by Burckhardt in his monumental history of the Italian Renaissance, that the revival of (classical) learning was the great source for the vigorous rebirth of Europe, and that Italy led the way. Instead he sets forth the theory that the Renaissance grew indigenously out of medieval culture in the various countries of Europe, and that, furthermore, the rebirth was merely coincidental with the revival, even to some extent discouraged by it.

To support his thesis he sketches in textbook fashion the various phases (through their leaders) of intellectual life in the European Renaissance, including economics, politics, literature, history, philosophy, and fine arts, and he demonstrates how little they were affected by the revival. For such a formidable topic his book is unusually lively reading, with a delightfully pugnacious tone. After rescuing Dante from the advocates of the revival (which came later) he remarks: "The present writer will have none of it." In this controversy the present reviewer (as referee) would like to set up Professor Gilbert Highet ("The Classical Tradition") and let them battle it out. For the present, though, the reader—whether he agrees, disagrees, or straddles—will enjoy a stimulating survey of the field.

—Robert Halsband.

UNCOLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Edited by Thelma M. Smith. University of Pennsylvania Press. $5. Critics generally never have been able to muster much enthusiasm for the writings of James Russell Lowell (1819-91), teacher, writer, American Ambassador to Spain and England, editor

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of *The Atlantic Monthly* in its infancy. Like Parrington, they praise Lowell's liberal spirit but despair of his literary execution as bordering on bookish amateurism. Perhaps the kindest and most accurate things that have been said about him are that he is worth studying for an understanding of the times in which he lived and as a personality of importance. It is with these intentions that Thelma M. Smith, professor of English at Dickinson College, has collected and annotated the poems which Lowell failed to include for reasons of forgetfulness, lack of merit, or fear of legal action. The reader will find in these poems flaws that are contained in many of the collected poems: attempts to lecture in rhymed verse, a ruinous sense of pun, and rhythms which are as imaginative and pleasurable as sewing-machine clatter. The volume is divided into Lowell's periodical and pamphlet poems and college verse. Among the latter is the text of "Class Poem," written as class poet for the Harvard class of 1838, parts of which are often quoted but the whole rarely seen.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

THE SIN OF WIT: Jonathan Swift as a Poet. By Maurice Johnson. Syracuse University Press. $2.50. When Dryden said, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet" he referred to the pompous and frigid odes. But when Swift turned to brisk and realistic satiric verse he hit upon a vein that yielded to his genius. It is poetry of many felicities, as Maurice Johnson persuasively, often brilliantly, demonstrates. His method is mainly that of the new criticism, a surprisingly fruitful one in the case of a poet too often dismissed with an academic tag. The sin of wit (in Swift's phrase) is the most pervasive ingredient of his poetry; as well, there are humor, morality, and a corrosive common sense. All this can be shown by a close explication of the poems, which Mr. Johnson presents with zeal and a catholic range of comparisons. His final section points up Swift's kinship with modern poets like Hardy, Joyce, Yeats, and Eliot. He has written a solid addition to the current reassessment of eighteenth-century poetry.

The book is marred by two faults: although the author manages successfully to dispense with footnotes he should have added a bibliography, since some of his wide-ranging sources are not clearly identified in the text; and the book is so wretchedly printed that it disgraces the press whose imprint it bears. Made by a photo-process, its text is badly blurred. A book of this importance deserves at least respectable presentation. —R. H.

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Who is interested in first novels? Harrison Smith, President of the *Saturday Review of Literature,* recently picked the 10 outstanding first novels of 1950. Among these he included STRANGER AND ALONE by J. Saunders Redding ($3.00), and THE SECRET GAME by Francois Boyer ($2.50), sales of which are represented respectively by the figures above.

The literary critics were interested in these books. Both were highly praised: They said about STRANGER AND ALONE: "first-rate, wonderful"—*SRL* . . . "rare, gratifying"—*San Francisco Chronicle* . . . "important"—*N.Y. Times* . . . "brilliantly written" —*Cleveland News*

and about THE SECRET GAME: "unforgettable"—*SRL* . . . "exquisite, pitiful, terrifying" — *N. Y. Herald Tribune* . . . "imaginative, memorable"—*Newsweek*..."work of art"—*Commonweal*

The bookstores were interested in them. They were stocked and displayed on publication by 92% of all our better accounts.

The publishers were deeply interested in them. In spite of certain "accounting experts' " opinion to the contrary, a substantial part of our list (as well as that of most publishers) is devoted to new authors. These were only two of many introduced last year. These books were heavily backed by us and were advertised in 14 different media (including the *SRL)* at a cost of 35% of total receipts.

Are you, the reading public, interested in first novels? (i.e., are you one of the select, numbered above?) Year after year new writers of excellence receive the same treatment as outlined here. If you have read this far and are interested in these two outstanding first novels, go to your nearest bookseller. If he cannot supply you, send us his name with your request. We will then send either book, or both, to you on 10 days' approval at no cost to you unless you want to keep them.

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SEX—THE SCHIZOID BEST SELLER

(*Continued from page 19*)

Creek" the illegitimate birth of Abe's mother is made to appear a good, blessed thing; but Abe proudly refuses to tell certain anecdotes because "there's ladies present." In a notable scene in Mika Waltari's "The Egyptian" Princess Baketamon cuckolds her consort, General Horemheb, by bedding with scores of fish-marketers and street sweepers; and when she informs him of this fact he almost dies with shame. But her lovers—married men themselves—are rendered guiltlessly happy by the same "wicked" act which thoroughly shames Horemheb! In Ardyth Kennelly's "The Peaceable Kingdom" Mrs. Sterling is both despised and respected by her women friends when she induces a Mormon preacher, Brother Bell, to give her a house and a thousand dollars by pretending that she is pregnant by him, when she is actually illegitimately pregnant by another man—whom she marries on the bounty Brother Bell bestows on her.

From this evidence and much more, which limitations of space make it impossible to quote here, it becomes painfully clear that modern best-selling fiction is—not only from book to book but literally within the covers of the same books—both prim and improper, both prudish and lewdish.

Nor does popular fiction outside of book covers differ from novels in this regard. Take, for example, magazine stories. In one issue of *Cosmopolitan* we find a serial in which the father of a family is being driven crazy with guilt because of his adulterous affair with a young woman and his twenty-one-year-old daughter's simultaneous affair with a father of two children. In the same issue the ritual of a busty bride's taking off her sweater for her husband's delectation is played up in the sexiest possible manner.

Revealing Love Stories offers us a tale which makes it clear that any girl who engages in premarital sex relations should be socially ostracized and fired from her job. Another story in the same issue insists that seventeen- and eighteen-year old boys and girls must not do any dating without their parents' express permission. But in still another tale in the same issue the heroine when asked to run away with a married man replies: "Oh . . . John : . . John darling . . . what are we going to do? I know it's wrong . . . that it isn't fair . . . and yet I'm so much in love with you. . . . I can't live without you!" P. S.: She runs.

In a *Collier's* story a girl who is living in unwedded bliss with one man blithely creeps under the covers with her paramour's best friend. The next day when engaging in a conversation with this friend while she is undressing she insists that he turn his back on her.

In various stories in a single issue of *Private Detective* we find that it is quite all right for a male to get a girl to bed shortly after he meets her, to go bathing in the nude with a lass he hardly knows, and to inflict sadistic tortures on a beautiful damsel. We also learn that if an electorate discovered that a politician had written a few passionate love letters to a girl it would undoubtedly defeat him at the next election.

Martha Gellhorn in an *Esquire* story about a promiscuous camp follower, one of the "whores de combat" of the Spanish Civil War, lets us know that her heroine really "loved all these passing men"—and hence was not such a bad egg after all. In the same issue of *Esquire* appears a story entitled "A Corpse for Christmas" in which in rapid succession—in point of fact, on a single page of the magazine—three gorgeous girls each try to drag the private-eye hero into bed. (Fear not: in two of the three assaults he manages to save his honor.)

BROADWAY plays and musical shows—to consider a third form of modern creative writing which has a wide audience—display, if possible, even more ambivalent, self-contradictory, and utterly confusing sex attitudes. Thus, in Thomas Heggen's "Mr. Roberts" much of the plot revolves around how horribly wicked *and* how perfectly delightful is the pastime of sailors' spying on showering nurses. In S. N. Behrman's "I Know My Love" the illegitimate pregnancy of one of the girls in the play is accepted by her very understanding mother—but the fear and dismay of this mother on learning of the pregnancy are also made very clear. In Benn W. Levy's play "Clutterbuck" and in Joseph Fields's and Anita Loos's musical comedy "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" the seesawings, from line to line, between accepting and rejecting attitudes toward fornication and adultery are so continual and prolonged as to make the poor auditor dizzy. The three wives in "Clutterbuck" are as unashamed *and* ashamed about their premarital sex affairs as it is conceivably possible for any human to be;

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and Lorelei Lee of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" describes her devirginization in Little Rock in the most prudish-lascivious terms conceivable.

In the enormously popular play (and, later, movie) "Born Yesterday" we find that the heroine Billie and the tycoon Brock live peaceably and unashamedly in sin; but Billie's father, the manager of the Washington hotel at which Billie and Brock are staying, and several other characters are visibly shocked by their alliance. Moreover, the sexually imperturbable Brock shocks himself when he inadvertently uses the phrase "tit for tat" in front of a Senator's wife.

Two excellent examples of sex conflict and confusion in modern literature may be found in the plays "Detective Story" and "Death of a Salesman." In the former the hard-boiled Irish detectives live on the assumptions that every girl in the City of New York likes nothing better than to raise her skirts for the first good-looking man who passes and that any male who refused such an offer undoubtedly would be an idiot or a lunatic. But the great dramatic crisis of the play revolves around one of the detectives, McLeod, who suddenly discovers not that his wife has ever been unfaithful to him since they were married but merely that she had been sexually intimate with one other man before their marriage. Whereupon this veteran hardened detective bursts out: "I'd sooner go to jail for twenty years than find out that my wife was a whore." "Don't say that, Jim," she begs him. But says he adamantly: "That's the word; I didn't invent it. That's what they call it."

The epitome of confusion as regards American attitudes toward unconventional sex behavior is brilliantly portrayed in two short excerpts from one of the most highly praised and most popular plays of the century, Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman." In one scene the salesman's two sons, neither of whom is any longer a youngster, are talking:

HAPPY: You still run around a lot?
BIFF: Naa. I'd like to find a girl—steady, somebody with substance.
HAPPY: That's what I long for.
BIFF: Go on! You'd never come home.
HAPPY: I would! Somebody with character, with resistance! Like mom, y'know. You're gonna call me a bastard when I tell you this. That girl Charlotte I was with tonight is engaged to be married in five weeks.

A few scenes and girls later. Happy is trying to cheer up Biff:

HAPPY: That's the talk, Biff, that's the first time I've heard the old confidence out of you! You're gonna live with me, kid, and any babe you want just say the word.

There, succinctly, is the common man of the twentieth century as presented to us by modern literature; he feels that he and his fornicating partner are without character or honor and simultaneously that life without fornication is ridiculous, unlivable, worthless, grim, and stupid.

IN spite of the herculean efforts of the film censors to endow our motion pictures with monolithic, rigidly puritanical sex views, both sides of the various erotic questions creep before the klieg lights. In "Sands of Iwo Jima," for example, a soldier is horrified at the thought of his wife's infidelity while he is away; but in the next breath he tells how he's going to Hawaii after the war ends, "get me a little wahine, and settle down to a nice, quiet life in the sun."

The film version of "All the King's Men" deals gently with Willie Stark's girl Friday, who has an adulterous relationship with him. But when the heroine of the film, Ann Powell, replaces her in Willie's affections Ann is quite frankly called a whore. It is thought to be most justifiable for Ann's brother, Dr. Adam Powell, to shoot Willie to death—not because Willie is patently a murderer, thief, charlatan, and cad but because this murderer, thief, charlatan, and cad has been sufficiently dastard to devirginize the quite willing Ann.

"The Reckless Moment" shows us how horrible it is for an eighteen-year-old girl to date an older man, how proper it is for the girl's mother forcibly to put an end to this relationship—and also how proper it is for a man to fall ardently in love with and sacrifice his life for this same steadfastly married mother.

In the film "Quartet" we are shown how a man may most matter-of-factly have a wife in the country and a mistress in the city. But as soon as he learns that his wife may have *once* had a lover (who is now safely dead) he becomes so upset that he cannot stand the strain of thinking about this horrifying possibility.

A film appropriately entitled "Adam's Rib" lets us know that a husband and wife who go into a hayloft together are not acting within the bounds of sexual propriety. This same film closes on the note of the old ribald gag about there being a small difference between men and women—but *vive la différence*!

Radio and television shows—again despite the censor—take up where novels, magazine stories, plays, and films leave off. Daytime serials are generally prim—but shocking. Nighttime comics are generally shocking—but prim. Radio and video dramas and mysteries present basically slightly

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toned-down versions of popular novels, stories, plays, and films. In "Our Miss Brooks," for example, the heroine does her best to seduce the hero—who, nice boy that he is, of course cannot be had. In the "Adventures of Sam Spade" the protagonist, who becomes involved before the first blush with an endless series of lasses, is ashamed to be seen with a woman because she is wearing a scanty evening gown. In a "Colgate Theatre of the Air" production a husband is depicted as being vitally interested in the nakedness of some night-club beauties—and his wife is portrayed as being just as vitally scandalized by his interest. In a Jack Benny show Jack is simultaneously shown as a gay young blade and a lecherous old man.

In books of non-fiction, too, in articles as well as stories in our most popular magazines, in scientific publications as well as popular outlets, in popular songs, humor, photography, advertisements, and other types of mass communication I have found not occasionally or vaguely but consistently and unequivocally as confusing and self-confuting a set of sex standards and opinions as one could imagine.

What is the consequence of all this confusion about sex in our literature and other mass media? I would say that the average American—in fact, virtually every living American—is completely muddled, mixed-up, and messed-up in his sex views, feelings, and acts. Much of the time he is quite consciously at odds with himself and knows that he does not know sex "right" from "wrong." Or else he keeps changing his mind about what is sexually proper and improper. Or he engages in sex acts which he feels he should not perform but which he would feel even more uncomfortable about not performing. When this average American does—occasionally—manage to get consciously straight in his sex views, he still remains unconsciously caught in beliefs that are often completely inconsistent with his conscious thoughts. The result in terms of the modern American's external and internal sex harmony is a degree of peacefulness comparable to that now existing between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Albert Ellis is chief psychologist of the Department of Institutions and Agencies of the State of New Jersey. Dr. Ellis's book, "The Folklore of Sex," the first of a two-volume study, is being published by Charles Boni.

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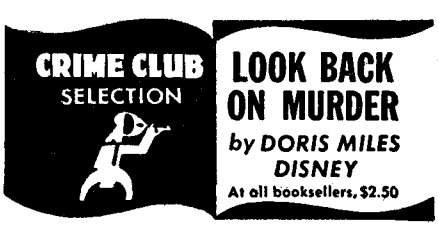

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE WHEEL IS FIXED *James M. Fox* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Richard Bailey, wartime psychosis vet, is fugitive from justice with gang-tortured girl in tow. Flashbacks disclose love affair and accidental California crime involvement. Can innocence win?	Plot is fixed, too. Suspense seems phoney; so many bright ideas and so much California sophistication, no room for people.	Best remedy—shoot 'em all in first paragraph
MR. BLESSINGTON'S IMPERIALIST PLOT *John Sherwood* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Mr. B. on routine job in satellite countries for British Treasury gets messed up by underground Iron Guard and aboveground Russians. British Intelligence speeds Prestwick to rescue.	B. and P. are casual heroes in best British tradition. Intelligent characters, authentic situations, sensible style allow adventure to shine by its own light.	Excellent Balkan-British genre
THE CASE AGAINST BUTTERFLY *Gregory Tree* (Scribner: $2.50)	Is beautiful model Sally Shaw psychotic—or guilty—or wronged? Who is dead? Did anyone really kill anyone? Lawyer Bill Bradley and psychiatrist Mayberry comb Manhattan for answers.	Author's fragment technique seems as schizoid as heroine probably is; a good tale hoist on its own pretentious petard.	Disappointing
ALIBI AT DUSK *Ben Benson* (Mill-Morrow: $2.50)	Wade Paris, state trooper, is determined to help friend Hicks, accused of murder, and runs into Eastern City's organized crime. Touch and go for Wade—but he even wins girl.	The "dusk" region of whodunits is made up of such as this; if you need to pass time bad enough—it'll do.	Oh, well

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
MENDELSSOHN		
MENDELSSOHN: SYMPHONY #1 (1824). Stuttgart Philharmonic, Van Hoogstraten. Renaissance LP: X 28	▶ Another excellent wide-range, small-company tape job, quite close-to but with a highly natural, adequately live sound.	▶ At 15 Mendelssohn was even more extraordinary than Schubert at similar age. This is a remarkably mature, accomplished work; the performance intelligently alive, with fine woodwinds, strings bit ragged.
MENDELSSOHN: "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (complete incidental music). *a.* Berlin Philharmonic, Fricsay; RIAS Chamber Choir, solos. Decca LP: DL 8516 *b.* Vienna Symphony, Clemens Krauss; Chorus, Vienna State Opera, solos. Vox LP: PL 6830	▶ The Decca version is first of Deutsche Grammophon reissues on LP—an ffrr-like sound, wide-range, bathed in golden liveness, slightly harsh in few spots. The Vox, from Pantheons, is closer, less live; upper register is dullish (some highs if you boost enough). Listenable.	▶ Some of the unfamiliar numbers are decidedly worth having, notably the Intermezzo, one of loveliest things he wrote. The Krauss reading is precise, rather didactic, Fricsay's is wonderfully expansive — dare I say, poetic. More accurate vocalism in the Krauss-Vienna ensemble, though.
MENDELSSOHN: PIANO CONCERTO #2. MOZART: PIANO CONCERTO IN D, K. 175. Artur Balsam; Symphony Orch., B. Gimpel. Renaissance LP: X 29	▶ Excellent orchestra sound —but the piano is thinnish, percussive, wavers in pitch a bit. Not bad. (The ear spots waver in piano where it easily tolerates it in more plastic orchestral sound.)	▶ Minus a really sensitive treatment this later Mendelssohn falls easily into somewhat tired Romantic clichés. Could easily be of considerable interest — but this performance doesn't kindle. Same, alas, for early Mozart, other side.
ON WINGS OF SONG		
BRAHMS: SIXTEEN SONGS. Alfred Poell, bass; Victor Graef, piano. Westminster LP: WL 50-53	▶ Extraordinary recordings, considering the extreme difficulty of recording both bass and piano. Solid, absolutely steady piano, with gorgeous fulness, enveloping the voice. Free from all blast and distortion, with crystal clear diction. The Brahms is trace fuller, cleaner.	▶ Here is that rarity, a mature and understanding singer, plus pianists who measure quietly and without display the greatnesses of these songs, notably the late Brahms. High tones a bit over-tense, some pitch inaccuracies — minor vocal troubles; diction, projection of the sense is superb. Poell is in slightly better voice for the Wolf.
WOLF: FOURTEEN SONGS. Alfred Poell, bass; Franz Holletschek, piano. Westminster LP: WL 50-48 (*With German and English text.*)		
GERMAN LIEDER (BRAHMS, SCHUBERT, WOLF.) (6 from "Winterreise," 3 Brahms, 3 Wolf.) Karl Schmitt-Walter, baritone; anonymous pianist. Capitol LP: P 8123	▶ Fair. Voice tends to blast, distort in loud passages, the piano is percussive, not as steady as above; in background. Acoustics deadish. From older 78's?	▶ A good voice, but in this somewhat nervous, unsteady, despite generally intelligent interpretation. Best in the lighter songs—tenor quality.
SCHUBERT: "DIE WINTERREISE" (complete). Doda Conrad, bass; Lili Kraus, piano. Vox LP: PL 6090 (2) (*With translations. Lacks German text.*)	▶ Could have been excellent — but good ears will cringe at piano's "vibrato" (prob. tape flutter). When will engineers hire musicians' ears to spot these tragedies in time! Flutter like this is now inexcusable in professional equipment.	▶ This French-trained international singer does an intelligent job, if not exactly in Viennese tradition. Close-to, rather nasal singing, not too steady, diction fair. Kraus's strong piano marred by the recorded "vibrato." The music is listenable even so.
GERMAN SONG—MINNESINGER TO THE 17th CENTURY. Earl Rogers, tenor; Rey de la Torre, guitar. Allegro LP: AL 90 (*Lacks adequate annotation.*)	▶ The guitar is quite plausible here—it's an old instrument and related to ubiquitous lute used originally in much of this music. Records beautifully as background for a light voice. Dead, intimate acoustics.	▶ Rogers's very light tenor-baritone is good medium for pure melody, goes well with guitar. Songs are most interesting; accompaniments mixed, some authentic, some contemporary, some tending towards modern "salon" arrangements, musical but anachronistic. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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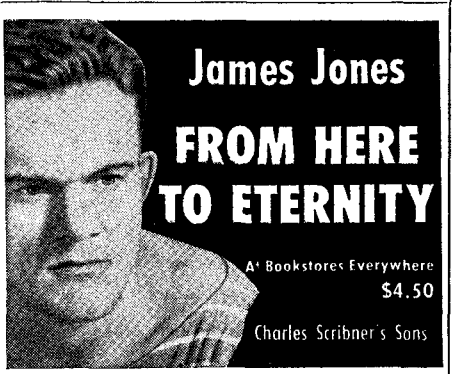
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The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
THE BIG WHEEL *John Brooks* (Pocket: 25¢)	Bright and bitter picture of life inside the office of a weekly newsmagazine like *Time*.	An uncommonly engrossing and readable first novel by a young writer who will bear watching.
THE BRAVE BULLS *Tom Lea* (Pocket: 25¢)	The struggle of Luis Bello, Mexico's greatest toreador, to overcome a sudden fear of the brave bulls.	One of the most distinguished American novels published since World War II.
CATALINA *W. Somerset Maugham* (Bantam: 25¢)	The Spanish Inquisition, an appearance of the Blessed Virgin, a monk who wanted to help God, and a sixteen-year-old crippled girl woven into a tale embroidered with symbolism and atmosphere.	Once again Maugham proves himself the greatest living teller of tales.
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS *Ernest Hemingway* (Bantam: 35¢)	Romantic love and tense adventure amidst the tragedy of the Spanish Civil War.	In his finest novel Hemingway has approached true greatness.
JEW SUSS (POWER) *Lion Feuchtwanger* (Avon: 50¢)	Fictional account of the rise and fall of the eighteenth-century Jew who for a time was virtual dictator of the Duchy of Württemberg.	A vivid, many-faceted narrative, romantic and often brilliant.
MEG *Theodora Keogh* (Signet: 25¢)	The sheltered adolescent daughter of a rich and respectable New York family learns about the adult world by playing with a slum gang after school hours.	A profound look into the human heart by a gifted new writer.
NIGGER HEAVEN *Carl Van Vechten* (Avon: 25¢)	The disintegration of a talented Negro writer under the temptations of life in Harlem in the mid-Twenties.	Keenly observed social history, brilliant but somewhat lurid.
OLD GORIOT (FATHER GORIOT) *Honoré de Balzac new translation by A. Crawford* (Penguin: 50¢)	The portrait of an old man who sacrifices everything, even his self-respect, for the sake of his ungrateful daughters.	Major work of one of the greatest nineteenth-century novelists.
SOMETHING FOR NOTHING *H. Vernor Dixon* (Bantam: 25¢)	Gil Devon, Hollywood beauty boy and doublecrossing crook, gets involved in murder and almost gets away with it.	Swift and shocking. For James M. Cain fans.
STRANGER AND ALONE *J. Saunders Redding* (Popular Library: 25¢)	The tragedy of a Negro who rises to influence in the educational and political life of a Southern state only to betray his own people.	A first-rate, moving study of race relations.
TRIO *W. Somerset Maugham* (Avon: 25¢)	The three stories—"The Verger," "Mr. Knowall," and 'Sanatorium" —from which the excellent British film was made.	Standard Maugham—a very high standard indeed.
THE UGLY DUCHESS *Lion Feuchtwanger* (Avon: 25¢)	Fictional presentation of the life of the fourteenth-century Duchess of Tyrol from her child marriage through embittered old age.	Some critics called it a somber masterpiece, others a sentimental and lifeless piece of romancing.
THE WOMAN OF ROME *Alberto Moravia* (Signet: 35¢)	The vicissitudes of a young prostitute who yearned for marriage and children.	Naturalistic but not pornographic; some critics found it highly readable, others monotonous. All hailed the appearance of a new writer of talent.
WUTHERING HEIGHTS *Emily Brontë* (Penguin: 35¢)	The ill-starred love of an uncouth, passionate creature named Heathcliff for Catherine Earnshaw and the revenge he wreaked on his own and succeeding generations.	Holds a secure place on any list of best novels of all time.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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TRAVELERS AND AWARDS

THE SHEER delight that adults have felt as they turned the pages of Chiang Yee's "A Silent Traveler in New York" might well be reflected in the children through his "Chin-Pao and the Giant Pandas," published in 1943. The background of the story is in the mountains of China, but the model for the drawings of pandas lived when Chiang Yee wrote the story in the London zoo. When this author-artist was in New York he went to our zoo in the Bronx to see our panda and to meet John Tee-Van, who is locally known as the panda nurse.

There is something about a panda that appeals even more to children than to adults. More perfect pictures of pandas could hardly be found than these brush drawings for the story of little Chin-Pao and the reproduction in color of the exquisite painting on silk. Manhattan is the background, too, for another traveler—Phyllis McGinley's Blunderbus, in the book of the same name. The travels of Blunderbus are limited to Fifth Avenue, Washington Square, and the bus terminal on the West Side; in pictures and text here is authentic New York.

"Blunderbus" is only one of a rapidly growing list of spring books that will be honored in a number of ways in the next few weeks. The Exhibition of Children's Books sponsored by the American Institute of Graphic Arts opened in the Children's Room of the New York Public Library on March 8. On March 5, in the office of the donor the Newbery Medal was presented to Elizabeth Yates for her "Amos Fortune" (Aladdin Books) and the Caldecott Medal to Katherine Milhous for "The Egg Tree" (Scribner). In May comes the *Herald Tribune* Spring Book Festival.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

BLUNDERBUS. By Phyllis McGinley. Illustrated by William Wiesner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.

THIS tale of the last of the green buses with open tops to travel up and down Fifth Avenue is as funny and as satisfying as Phyllis McGinley's story "The Horse Who Lived Upstairs." Hundreds of small boys and girls and many of their elders can tell you all about the horse Joey and his adventures.

We first meet Blunderbus when he is rather old and shabby but still spirited and determined to do a good job. Old as he was Blunderbus knew that "his brakes were safe and his heart sound." Some of the new, streamlined buses, especially the haughty and disagreeable Number Eleven, jeered at him. But Blunderbus went right ahead, doing his job day after day, until a rumor spread around the terminal that he was to be scrapped *before* the great transportation parade when all the buses were to pass in review before the mayor and the other city officials.

Now Blunderbus had once pulled the mayor's car out of a snow drift—all New Yorkers can remember the year when there were snowdrifts on Fifth Avenue—so when his Honor came to the terminal to see how they were repainting and decorating the buses he remembered and asked for Blunderbus. So the story ends with our hero, splendidly repainted and decorated, leading the long line of streamlined buses through the Washington Arch and up Fifth Avenue. Every page of this delightful story is illustrated with pictures printed in black and green of the route that Blunderbus followed, the people he knew, and the buildings he passed. The book is bound in a light yellow cloth with Blunderbus outlined in green on the front cover.

—From "Chin-Pao and the Giant Pandas."

THE MERRY MEN OF GOTHAM. By M. A. Jagendorf. Illustrated by Shane Miller. New York: Vanguard Press. 150 *pp.* $2.50.

HERE at last are the old tales of the merry men of Gotham in a form that American boys and girls will thoroughly approve. The format of the book is just exactly right—clear type, wide margins, clever, amusing illustrations, and an attractive jacket and binding. Dr. Jagendorf retells chiefly the original Gotham tales, but he includes several from "The Books of Noodles" and four from "Jack of Dover's Quest of Inquirie." Jack as a character adds considerably to the humor and atmosphere of this book. It is pure enjoyment from the first page to the last. Children who know the folk tales will think of the old English version of "The Three Sillies" and Wanda Gag's translation of "Gone Is Gone." The wording is "old English," and we are told exactly where the town of Gotham was then and is today—near Robin Hood's Sherwood Forest and the town of Nottingham.

The first printed version of the Gotham stories was published in book form nearly three hundred years ago. They bear a certain likeness to the ancient Jewish tales of the foolish folk of Helm. One or two of them were told by Dr. Joseph Jacobs in his "English Fairy Tales." But never before have we had them in so comprehensive a form, and never have they been so well told. Here they are, gay and absurd and lovable, a perfect source for storytellers who want to give the children of our day something to laugh about. Old as they are, they have in them the humor that is latent in all of us and that is kindly rather than cynical. This is a collection that will have great value for many years to come.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN FAIRY TALES. Edited by Svend Larsen. Translated from the original Danish by R. P. Keigwin. Illustrated by Vilhelm Pedersen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 395 *pp.* $2.50.

BOXED in gray with a reproduction in color of the portrait of Hans Andersen painted in 1869 by Carl Bloch, this little dark blue book presents eighteen of the fairy tales in a translation by R. P. Keigwin, illustrated with delicate drawings that were made by the artist whom Hans Andersen himself selected as an il-

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lustrator. The book was designed and printed in Odense, Denmark, where Hans Andersen was born. In 1935, just one hundred years after the publication of the first four fairy tales, the Cambridge University Press presented them in a translation by Keigwin with illustrations by Gwen Raverat. This reviewer remembers very well the delight of the New York children in Raverat's drawings of the three dogs in "The Tinder Box" and their appreciation of the wording of the dialogue between the soldier and the witch.

It is fascinating now to compare Keigwin's wording with the older translations of James, Jean Hersholt, Paul Leyssac, and Mrs. Lucas. There is a freshness, a spontaneity in this—but there are minor things that bother us. We prefer the "constant" or the "steadfast" tin soldier to the "stanch" tin soldier. Stanch is not as expressive a word to the children as constant, and it does not imply his unchanging devotion to the little dancer. It bothers us, too, to call Ole Lukoi Willie Winkie. Willie Winkie is well known to American boys and girls, but he belongs definitely to the Mother Goose rhymes. Why should his name be given to the Dustman who took little Hjalmar on the seven wonderful journeys? Paul Leyssac calls the youngest of the three brothers who tried to silence the princess Numskull Jack. Mrs. Lucas calls him Hans Clodhopper. But Mr. Keigwin again borrows a Mother Goose title and calls him Simple Simon. These are small things but they are worth considering when the fairy tales are being told or read for the first time to English-speaking children.

To collectors of Hans Andersen the publication of this Danish edition is an exciting and important event. To the children the fat little volume will be, perhaps, what they call a "precious" book. They will like to see it on Hans Andersen's birthday on April 2, to look at the exquisite drawing of the little dancer or of Thumbelina on her lily pad. We doubt if they will think of it as a book to be read at all times and in all places. The translation is one that all Andersen lovers will want to talk over. It is probably nearer to the original stories than other translations have been.

THE CRUMB THAT WALKED; More About Jane Jonquil. By Charles Norman. Pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham. New York: Harper & Bros. 52 pp. $1.75.

IN THIS second book about Jane Jonquil and her father, who makes up such delectable rhymes, a new character is introduced. Here are Jane and her father and mother, the wooden horse whom we met in "Upstairs and Downstairs," and a very young springer spaniel called Humphrey Clinker. There are also birds, rabbits, and a chipmunk, because the Jonquils are spending a month in the country.

Mrs. Jonquil works in the garden and cooks wonderful food. Jane and her father feed the birds, walk on the wood trails, and admire the full moon —Mr. Jonquil producing some very nice poetry as they go. This story has the same gaiety, the same rhythmic wording, the same comfortable, spontaneous relationship between Jane and her father as in "Upstairs and Downstairs." It is a well-designed book with drawings on every page that carry out the atmosphere of the story. Children who live in the country or spend their holidays there will readily guess that the crumb that walked was really carried by an ant.

LUCY'S LEAGUE. By Grace Allen Hogarth. Illustrated by Nora S. Unwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 208 pp. $2.50.

THIS is the story of a little girl who lived in London after the Second World War, a member of a happy family circle. An invitation from Granny Gray to all of them to spend the summer in America stirs Lucy's initiative and imagination. She starts her League with the purpose of saving pennies for the trip to America. Her mother becomes the first member, then her brother John, finally the rest of the household. Since this scheme does not produce the necessary travel money John enters a competition at school which wins him a special award. Lucy, who has spent a good deal of time taking care of her London granny, receives an unexpected gift from her. There are a number of important undertakings, including a circus performance and a school play.

The author lives in Hampstead, overlooking London, and has woven into the story many of her own experiences and observations, making it authentically English. Drawings in black-and-white of Lucy and her friends in school uniforms, of the big London buses, of Mr. James, the kind conductor, add to the value of the story. It would appeal most to a little girl to whom her mother would read it aloud, as Grace Hogarth read it chapter by chapter to her own children. —BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

COUNTRY COUSIN. By Helen Fern Daringer. Illustrated by Edward and Stephani Godwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 277 pp. $2.50.

HELEN FERN DARINGER began her story of the daughters in the Endicott family with "Pilgrim Kate" in England and carried it on with "Debbie of the Green Gate" in Holland. In this book it is Susanna Endicott who lived on a farm in Hempstead Parish, Long Island, in 1683. Susanna was "fourteen, going on fifteen" and was something of a tomboy. So her parents decided to send her to New York to stay with Uncle Ben and Aunt Martha and to learn "to comport herself as a young lady." Like all the other Endicott girls Susanna was energetic mentally and physically. She was impulsive and less well disciplined than Kate or Debbie but just as lovable.

In New York she made friends quickly, throwing herself into the affairs of the Dutch family who lived next door and of their "bound girl." Her uncle's shop on the street floor of the house on Broad Street fascinated her, and her feminine instincts were awakened by her fashionable cousin Letitia's pretty clothes and elegant manners. In fact Susanna's year in the city developed her from an appealing hoyden into a responsible young lady.

Miss Daringer's delicate, effortless humor runs all through the story, and she paints in the background so well that the period, the places, and the people all come vividly to life. The one weakness seems to us to be that there is rather too much of Susanna. The story is developed almost exclusively through her mind rather than

—From "The Crumb That Walked."

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through direct narrative and dialogue and thus tends to be a little monotonous.

STUDENT DANCER. By Regina J. Woody. Illustrated by Arline K. Thomson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 276 pp. $2.75.

THE RECENT engagements of the English Sadler's Wells Ballet in America and the striking success of the Ballet Theatre and the New York City Ballet Company here and abroad have brought dancing as a career into the consciousness of hundreds of young Americans. "Student Dancer" tells of an American girl who found that there was a certain conflict between her creative talent as a choreographer and her training as a dancer. Her term at the Stakine School of the Dance in New York brings her face to face with the hazards and the thrills that come to young people in any of the creative arts—contact with the "great" in her world, jealousies, friendships, romance, hard work, a sense of failure, and a measure of success.

Mrs. Woody brings real people into her story—Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis, Doris Humphrey and Martha Graham, the staff of La Meri Theatre and the Katherine Dunham Dance School, Lucia Chase of the Ballet Theatre, and dance critics Walter Terry of the *Herald Tribune* and John Martin of *The New York Times*. A hint of romance comes in through Janet's relationship with Johnny King, the young student and later teacher of the advanced classes. Through Janet's story there is much to learn of the physical and mental discipline in the world of ballet, of the way an idea or a story can be translated into a dance movement, of the need for integrity in all the arts. It seems to us to be the best of Mrs. Woody's stories, and it comes at a time when its background has a very special interest to American girls.

BALLET FOR BEGINNERS. By Nancy Draper and Margaret S. Atkinson. Children's ballet class photographs by Fred Lyon. Drawings by Margaret S. Atkinson. Music arranged and adapted by Beatrix Woolard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 121 pp. $3.75.

THIS is a textbook for beginners in ballet dancing. Every step is illustrated with photographs and drawings, and the music for the steps is arranged and presented. There are a list and brief biographies of famous people in the history of ballet and a glossary of ballet terms. It is fully indexed. Apart from its practical use, it is a well-designed and attractive picture book of children in various poses.

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(Continued on Page 50)

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(Continued from Page 49)

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Name of eighteen kings of France.	78 177 153 8 29
B. Softened.	154 24 18 10 54 186 108 180 69 162 124
C. Island in northern Lake Champlain (2 wds.).	46 16 150 84 68 121 13 165 27
D. Semi-solid, fermented, cheese-like preparation used as food in Levant.	123 42 6 131 107 187 62
E. Not divisible by two without a remainder.	21 110 127 34 168 61
F. English sculptor (1850-1925; "The Mower," "A Sower," "Oliver Cromwell," etc.).	120 145 89 87 57 73 181 49 132 115 167
G. A quarter of London built, mid-eighteenth cent., by the Adam brothers.	14 55 149 102 163 41 5
H. Ancient name of steppe region in S. Judea, Palestine; scene of clashes between Jewish and Egyptian forces, 1948-9.	98 3 82 72 4
I. Dam or weir for catching fish.	39 11 90 182 85
J. Father of Niobe (Gr. myth.).	95 164 178 70 109 138 28 157
K. Lifts or raises with exertion.	36 136 104 9 142 151
L. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper (eccl.).	137 45 176 74 166 64 25 100 80
M. "The Venice of China."	91 133 2 31 33 63 159

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Forms into one whole; rounds out.	60 22 130 40 170 51 184 179 86 106
O. Metal disks or spangles used for ornamenting costumes, drapery, etc.	114 48 152 75 66 173 105
P. Head of a party of laborers (India).	99 17 88 32 113 160 118 117
Q. One of the oldest and largest of Hopi Indian pueblos, NE Arizona, 6,070 feet high.	56 12 143 174 15 172
R. Interferes improperly.	26 37 47 76 183 122 161
S. Industrial city on Lake Ontario, at mouth of river of same name; part of N.Y. State Barge Canal System.	52 44 59 35 141 81
T. Remote; distant; abstracted (comp.).	103 125 93 146 7 135
U. Suitor for Rowena, "Ivanhoe."	169 185 148 101 155 119 134 116 65 79
V. Chinese characters as used ideographically in Japanese.	94 19 175 30
W. Designating a land area that undergoes neither elevation nor depression (geol. and phys. geog.).	83 53 20 1 97 147 129 144
X. Rent or torn into tatters.	126 92 43 50 112 77
Y. Mount where Apollo served as herdsman for King Laomedon (Gr. myth.).	139 38 23
Z. A laborer's hut; a tenement house (India).	111 71 158 128 156
Z¹. Eighth month, Hindu calendar (Nov.-Dec.).	58 67 96 171 140

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram. When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

							1 W	2 M	3 H		4 H	5 G	6 D		7 T	8 A	9 K	10 B
	11 I	12 Q	13 C			14 G	15 Q	16 C	17 P	18 B		19 V	20 W		21 E	22 N	23 Y	
24 B	25 L	26 R	27 C	28 J	29 A			30 V	31 M		32 P	33 M	34 E	35 S		36 K	37 R	
38 Y	39 I	40 N	41 G	42 D	43 X	44 S			45 L	46 C	47 R	48 O	49 F	50 X	51 N	52 S	53 W	
54 B	55 G		56 Q	57 F		58 Z¹			59 S	60 N	61 E	62 D	63 M	64 L		65 U	66 O	
67 Z¹	68 C	69 B		70 J	71 Z	72 H	73 F			74 L	75 O	76 R	77 X	78 A	79 U		80 L	
81 S	82 H	83 W	84 C	85 I	86 N	87 F		88 P	89 F	90 I			91 M	92 X	93 T	94 V	95 J	
96 Z¹		97 W	98 H	99 P		100 L	101 U	102 G	103 T	—		104 K	105 O	106 N	107 D	108 B	109 J	
110 E	111 Z	112 X		113 P	114 O		115 F	116 U	117 P			118 P	119 U		120 F	121 C	122 R	
123 D		124 B	125 T	126 X	127 E		128 Z	129 W	130 N	131 D	132 F	133 M	134 U		135 T	136 K		
137 L	138 J	139 Y	140 Z¹	141 S		142 K	143 Q	144 W	145 F		146 T	147 W	148 U	149 G	150 C	151 K		
	152 O	153 A	154 B	155 U	156 Z	157 J		158 Z	159 M	160 P		161 R	162 B	163 G	164 J	165 C		
166 L	167 F	168 E		169 U	170 N	171 Z¹	172 Q	173 O		174 Q	175 V		176 L	177 A	178 J	179 N		
180 B	181 F	182 I		183 R	184 N	185 U	186 B	187 D										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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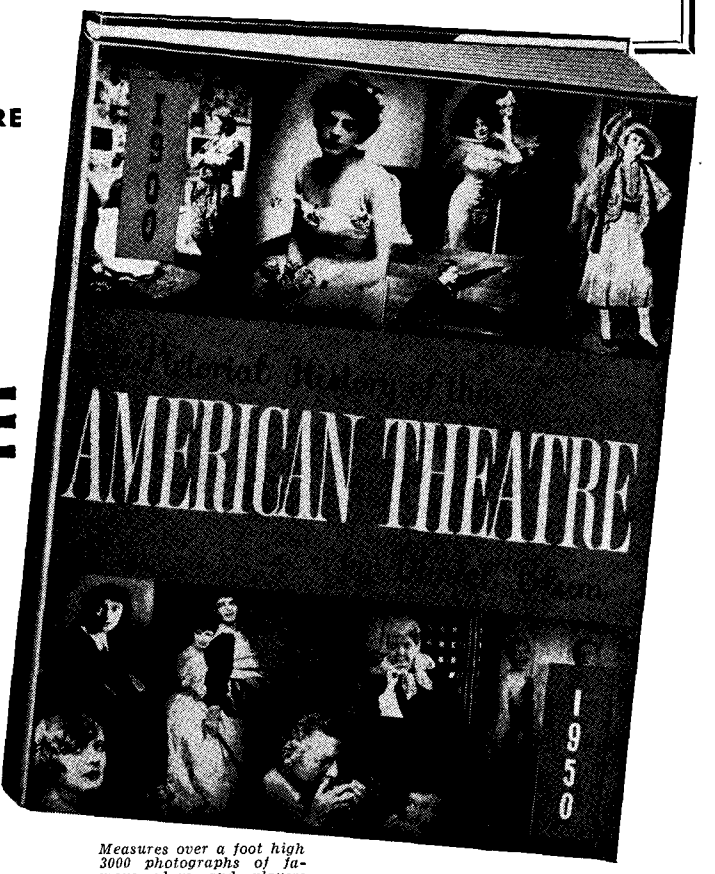

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